

THE LITERARY GAZETTE

AND

Journal of the Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, &c.

No. 1475.

LONDON, SATURDAY, APRIL 26, 1845.

PRICE 8d.
Stamped Edition, 9d.

REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS.

Lives of Men of Letters and Science who flourished in the time of George III. By Henry Lord Brougham, F.R.S., &c. 8vo, pp. 517. London, C. Knight.

To the volumes by the noble lord already published, and devoted to the statesmen of the same period, his lordship has now added this view of some of the learned men who were their contemporaries. The list contains Voltaire, Rousseau, David Hume, Robertson, Dr. Black, Watt, Priestley, Cavendish, Davy, and Simon; and of all but Cavendish and Simon there are good portraits engraved on steel. In his preface Lord Brougham thus opens his subject:

"In my opinion, these, the great teachers of the age, covered it with still greater glory than it drew from the statesmen and the warriors who ruled its affairs. It was necessary to enter much more into detail here than in the former branch of this work, because a mere general description of scientific or of literary merit is of exceedingly little value, conveying no distinct or precise idea of the subject sought to be explained. It appeared the more necessary to discuss these matters minutely, because upon some of them much prejudice prevailed, and no attempt had hitherto been made to examine them completely, or even impartially. Of this a remarkable example is afforded by the want of any thing that deserves the name of a *Life of Voltaire*, and by the great prejudices, both favourable and unfavourable to him, which, among different classes, exist on the subject. But it must also be observed, that Dr. Black's discoveries have been far from attaining the reputation which they so well deserve as the foundation of modern chemistry; and justice to this illustrious philosopher required that the consequences arising from his modesty and his great indifference to fame should be counteracted by a full history of his scientific labours, comparing the state of the science as he found it with that in which he left it. My own personal acquaintance with some of the great men whose history I have ventured to write enabled me to throw additional light upon it; and respecting one, whom of course I could not have known, Mr. Hume, I have obtained information from good sources through the kindness of friends. The materials of his life are, however, chiefly to be sought in his writings, and especially in his letters. The same remark is applicable to the life of Voltaire. Those who have written it, like the Marquis de Condorcet, without ever referring to the fourteen large volumes (containing nine thousand closely-printed pages) of his correspondence, might just as well have undertaken to give a life of Rousseau without consulting his 'Confessions,' or of Hume without reading his 'Autobiography.'—I have, besides, had access to valuable original documents both of Voltaire, Robertson, and Cavendish; to some respecting Watt and Simon. The course of this work has kept me, for the most part, at a distance from questions touching political affairs, or the constitution and progress of society, but not always. The reader will find that no opportunity has been left unimproved, as far as I was capable

of seizing it with any effect, for inculcating or illustrating the great doctrines of peace, freedom, and religious liberty. The observations on historical composition in the life of Robertson I especially consider as pointing to an improvement in that department of letters, highly important to the best interests of mankind, as well as to the character of historians. But although I have no political animosities to encounter, I fear my historical statements and my commentaries on some lives, as those of Voltaire, Rousseau, and Hume, may find enemies among the two great parties whose principles come in question. The free-thinkers will object to the blame which I have ventured to pronounce upon their favourite authors; the friends of the church may take exception to the praises which I have occasionally bestowed. It may, however, be expected from the justice of both these conflicting bodies, that they will read with attention and with calmness before they condemn. From the former class I can expect no favour beyond what every one has a right to claim from avowed adversaries; a fair hearing is all I desire. To the latter I would address a few words in the spirit of respectful kindness, as to those with whom I generally agree."

This explanation leads us at once, and without the call for any general commentary, to the particular biographies we have indicated; and we shall for the present confine ourselves to the task of bringing our readers acquainted with the author's leading opinions respecting Voltaire and Rousseau.

His judgment on the former is drawn up with great acuteness and impartiality; but notwithstanding the appeal we have just quoted, we expect that some passages in it will give offence in certain quarters, and be severely criticised, as not enough denunciative of infidelity. Yet, speaking of the "Pucelle," his lordship remarks:

"The 'Pucelle' is one continued sneer at all that men do hold, and all that they ought to hold, sacred, from the highest to the least important subjects, in a moral view—from the greatest to the most indifferent, even in a critical view. Religion and its ministers and its professors—virtue, especially the virtues of a prudential cast—the feelings of humanity—the sense of beauty—the rules of poetical composition—the very walks of literature in which Voltaire had most striven to excel—are all made the constant subjects of sneering contempt, or of ribald laughter; sometimes by wit, sometimes by humour, not rarely by the broad grins of mere gross buffoonery. It is a sad thing to reflect that the three masterpieces of three such men as Voltaire, Rousseau, Byron, should all be the most immoral of their compositions. It seems as if their prurient nature had been affected by a bad but criminal excitement to make them exceed themselves. Assuredly if such was not Voltaire's case, he well merits the blame; for he scrupled not to read his 'Pucelle' to his niece, then a young woman. But here it would be unjust to forget that the same genius which underwent this unworthy prostitution, was also enlisted by its versatile possessor in the service of virtue and of moral

truth. There may be some doubt if his moral essays, the 'Discours sur l'Homme,' may not be placed at the head of his serious poetry—none whatever that it is a performance of the highest merit. As the subject is didactic, his talents—turned towards grave reasoning and moral painting, adapted rather to satisfy the understanding than to touch the heart, and addressing themselves more to the learned and polite than to the bulk of mankind—occupied here their appointed province, and had their full scope. Pope's moral essays gave the first hint of these beautiful compositions; but there is nothing borrowed in them from that great moral poet, and there is no inferiority in the execution of the plan. A strict regard to modesty, with the exception of a line or two, reigns throughout, and the object is to inculcate the purest principles of humanity, of tolerance, and of virtue. None but a Romanist bigot could ever have discovered the lurking attack upon religion in the noble verses against substituting vain ceremonies for good works, and attempting to honour the Deity by ascetic abstinence from the enjoyments which he has kindly provided for our happiness. Nay, the finest panegyric on the ministry of Christ is to be found mingled with the same just reprehensions of those who pervert and degrade his doctrines (Disc. vii.), and even the optimism of which in his other works he has ridiculed the extravagant doctrines, is here preached with a pious approval of its moderate and rational faith (Disc. iii. v.). His ridicule of saints is confined to the fanatical devotees or hypocritical pretenders who degrade and desecrate the name. If he mentions any miracles with disrespect, it is their false ones, as in that fine passage, which yet gave offence, in the seventh Discourse—

*'Les miracles sont bons; mais soulager son frère,
Mais tirer son ami du sein de la misère,
Mals à ses ennemis pardonner leur vertu,
C'est un plus grand miracle, et qui ne se fait plus.'*

Of his personal character it is stated: "His journey to England had two important consequences. The money which he obtained, and which he afterwards increased by a lucky chance in the lottery, and by engaging in one or two successful mercantile speculations, yielded him an ample income for the rest of his life: so that he cared little for the profits of his works, and indeed gave many of them to the booksellers and the actors for nothing. Not only was he thus secured in the state of independence which is an author's best protection against crude and hasty composition, but he was able to follow the bent of his taste in choosing his subjects, and of his disposition both to encourage young authors of merit and to relieve the distresses of deserving persons. Proofs also remain which place beyond all doubt his kindness to several worthless men, who repaid it with the black ingratitude so commonly used as their current coin by the base and spiteful, who save their own wounded pride by pouring venom on the hand that saved or served them. * * * He was fond of assisting persons in distress, but chiefly young persons of ability struggling with difficult circumstances: thus the niece of Corneille, left in a

destitute condition, was invited, about the year 1760, to Ferney, where she remained for several years, and received her education. But, above all, he was the protector of the oppressed, whether by political or ecclesiastical tyranny. His fame rests on an imperishable foundation as a great writer—certainly the greatest of a highly polite and cultivated age; but these claims to our respect are mingled with sad regrets at the pernicious tendency of no small portion of his works. As the champion of injured virtue, the avenger of enormous public crimes, he claims a veneration which embalms his memory in the hearts of all good men; and this part of his character, untarnished by any stain, enfeebled by no failing, is justly to be set up against the charges to which other passages of his story are exposed, redeeming those passages from the dislike or the contempt which they are calculated to inspire towards their author.*

Lord B. warmly and justly panegyrises Voltaire's "Essai sur les Mœurs des Nations;" and of "Candide" he says:

"It is indeed a most extraordinary performance; and while it has such a charm that its repeated perusal never wearies, we are left in doubt whether most to admire the plain, sound sense, above all cant, of some parts, or the rich fancy of others; the singular felicity of the design for the purposes it is intended to serve, or the natural yet striking graces of the execution. The lightness of the touch with which all the effects are produced—the constant affluence of the most playful wit—the humour wherever it is wanted, abundant, and never overdone—the truth and accuracy of each blow that falls, always on the head of the right nail—the quickness and yet the ease of the transitions—the lucid clearness of the language, pure, simple, entirely natural—the perfect conciseness of diction as well as brevity of composition, so that there is not a line, or even a word, that seems ever to be superfluous, and a point, a single phrase, sometimes a single word, produces the whole effect intended; these are qualities that we shall in vain look for in any other work of the same description, perhaps in any other work of fancy. That there is a caricature throughout, no one denies; but the design is to caricature, and the doctrines ridiculed are themselves a gross and intolerable exaggeration. That there occur here and there irreverent expressions is equally true; but that there is any thing irreligious in the ridicule of a doctrine which is in itself directly at variance with all religion, at least with all the hopes of a future state, the most valuable portion of every religious system, may most confidently be denied. We have already seen Voltaire's sober and enlightened view of this subject in his moral poems, and those views agree with the opinions of the most pious Christians, as well as the most enlightened philosophers, who, unable to doubt the existence of evil in this world, or to account for its inconsistency with the Divine goodness, await with patient resignation the light which will dawn upon them in another state of being, and by which all these difficulties will be explained."*

* "He appears to have disavowed this admirable work even more carefully than any of his far more exceptionable productions. To his most familiar friends we find him exceeding all the fair limits of denial within which authors writing anonymously should confine themselves. To M. Vernes, pastor at Geneva, with whom he was intimate, he writes, 'J'ai lu enfin 'Candide'; il faut avoir perdu le sens pour m'attribuer cette colonnerie: J'ai, Dieu merci! de meilleurs occupations' (Cor. Gén. v. 299). To Thibouville he says, 'J'ai lu enfin ce 'Candide,' dont vous m'avez parlé; et plus il m'a fait rire, plus je suis

Of the irreligious tendency of his writings, Lord B. speaks thus:

"It is fit to remark, that the odium which has cast a shadow on a name that must otherwise have shone forth with pure and surpassing lustre, is partly at least owing to the little care taken to conceal his unpopular opinions, which is no sufficient ground of blame. But in part it is owing to that which is exceedingly blameable, the unsparing bitterness of his invective on all the honest prejudices (as even he must have deemed them) of believers, and the unceasing ribaldry of his attacks on those opinions which, whether he thought them true or not, had at any rate the sanction of ages, the support of established institutions, and the cordial assent of the vast majority of mankind. The last twenty years of his life were devoted to a constant warfare with these sentiments. Had he confined himself to discussion, had he only brought the resources of his universal learning and acute reasoning to bear upon the religious belief of his contemporaries, no one would have had a right to complain, and no rational Christian would ever have complained, if the twenty volumes which he thus wrote had been multiplied twenty-fold, or even so as 'that all the earth could not have held the books which should have been written.' But there is a perpetual appeal from the calm reason of the reflecting few to the laugh of the thoughtless many; a substitution often, generally an addition, of sneer, and gibe, and coarse ridicule, to argumentation; a determination to cry down and laugh down the dogmas which, with his learning and his reason, he was also assailing in lawful combat. And the consequence has been, that although nothing can be more inaccurate than the notion that he never argues, never produces any proofs which make their appeal to the understanding, yet he passes with the bulk of mankind for a profane scoffer, and little more. The belief of D'Alembert was exactly the same with his own; he has left abundance of letters which shew that he had as much zeal against religion as his master, and entered with as much delight into all his endless ribaldry at the expense of the faith and the faithful; but because he never publicly joined in the assault, we find even those who most thoroughly knew his opinions, nay, bishops themselves, concurring in the chant of his praises, as the most inoffensive, and even moral of men! while Voltaire, who never said worse than D'Alembert freely but privately wrote, raises in their minds the idea of an emanation from the father of all evil. It may be hard to define the bounds which should contain the free discussion of sacred subjects. Those who are the most firmly convinced of religious truth are, generally speaking, the most careless to what extent the liberty of assailing it, in examining its grounds, shall be carried; but without attempting to lay down any such rule, we may safely admit that Voltaire offended, and offended grievously, by the manner in which he devoted himself to crying down the sacred things of his country, whether we regard the interests of society at large, or the interests of the particular system which he desired to establish. But though it would be exceedingly wrong to pass over this great and prevailing fault without severe reprobation, it would be equally unjust, nay, ungrateful, ever to forget the immense obligations under which Voltaire has laid mankind by his writings, the pleasure derived from his fancy and his wit, the amusement which he has afforded (ib. 258). Even to his confidante and tool Theriot he says—'Dieu me garde d'avoir eu la moindre part à cet ouvrage!' (ib. 258)."

ment which his singular and original humour bestows, even the copious instruction with which his historical works are pregnant, and the vast improvement in the manner of writing history which we owe to him. Yet great as these services are—among the greatest that can be rendered by a man of letters—they are really of far inferior value to the benefits which have resulted from his long and arduous struggle against oppression, especially against tyranny in the worst form which it can assume, the persecution of opinion, the infraction of the sacred right to exercise the reason upon all subjects, unfettered by prejudice, uncontrolled by authority, whether of great names or of temporal power. That he combated many important truths which he found enveloped in a cloud of errors, and could not patiently sift, so as to separate the right from the wrong, is undeniably true; that he carried on his conflict, whether with error or with truth, in an offensive manner, and by the use of unlawful weapons, has been freely admitted. But we owe to him the habit of scrutinising, both in sacred matters and in profane, the merits of whatever is presented for our belief, of examining boldly the foundations of received opinions, of making probability a part of the consideration in all that is related, of calling in plain reason and common sense to assist in our councils when grave matters are under discussion; nor can any one since the days of Luther be named to whom the spirit of free inquiry, nay, the emancipation of the human mind from spiritual tyranny, owes a more lasting debt of gratitude. No one beyond the pale of the Romish church ever denies his obligation to the great reformer, whom he thanks and all but reverts for having broken the chains of her spiritual thralldom. All his coarseness, all his low ribaldry, all that makes the reading of his works in many places disgusting, in not a few offensive to common decency, and even to the decorum proper to the handling of pious topics, all his assaults upon things which should have been sacred from rude touch, as well as his adherence with unrestrained zeal to some of the most erroneous tenets of the Romish faith—all are forgiven, nay, forgotten, in contemplating the man of whom we can say, 'He broke our chains.'"

We have studiously abstained from offering any sentiments of our own upon the line of argument taken by Lord Brougham: in such cases, we would rather report, than review or criticise. Others, we doubt not, will accuse his lordship of having refined and extenuated too far on the infidelity of Voltaire's writings.

An appendix gives us a few unpublished letters from Voltaire to the Duchess Louisa of Saxe-Gotha, in one of which it is stated that the greater part of La Beaumelle's publication of Madame Maintenon's letters had been proved to be a fabrication:

"A l'égard (he writes) des mémoires de La Beaumelle, c'est l'ouvrage d'un imposteur insensé, qui a quelque fois de l'esprit, mais qui en a toujours mal-à-propos; ses calomnies viennent de le faire enfermer à la Bastille pour la seconde fois: c'était un chien enragé qu'on ne pouvait plus laisser dans les rues: c'est une étrange fatalité que ce soit un pareil homme qui ait été cause de ce qu'on appelle mon malheur à la cour de Berlin."

We find also the following singular anecdote, which Lord B. adds "has never, it is understood, been made public, and it comes from a respectable quarter entitled to credit. Nothing can more strongly illustrate Voltaire's peculiar humour: the contrast between his habitual reverence for the Deity, and his habit of scoff-

ing at the sacred things of religion, is here presented in a remarkable manner:—"Une matinée du mois de Mai, M. de Voltaire fait demander au jeune M. le Comte de Latour s'il veut être de sa promenade (3 heures du matin sonnaient). Étonné de cette fantaisie, M. de L. croyait achever un rêve, quand un second message vint confirmer la vérité du premier. Il ne hésite pas à se rendre dans le cabinet du Patriarche, qui, vêtu de son habit de cérémonie, habit et veste mordanés, et culotte d'un petit gris tendre, se disposait à partir. 'Mon cher Comte,' lui dit-il, 'je sors pour voir un peu le lever du soleil; cette Profession de Foi d'un Vicairé Savoyard m'en a donné envie. . . voyons si Rousseau a dit vrai.' Ils partent par le temps le plus noir; ils s'acheminent; un guide les éclairait avec sa lanterne, meuble assez singulier pour chercher le soleil! Enfin, après deux heures d'excursion fatigante, le jour commence à peindre. Voltaire frappe ses mains avec une véritable joie d'enfant. Ils étaient alors dans un creux. Ils grimpaient assez péniblement vers les hauteurs: les 81 ans du philosophe pesant sur lui, on n'avancait guère, et la clarté arrivait vite; déjà quelques teintes vives et rougeâtres se projetaient à l'horizon. Voltaire s'accroche au bras du guide, se soutient sur M. de Latour, et les contemplateurs s'arrêtent sur la sommet d'une petite montagne. De là le spectacle était magnifique! les roches pères du Jura, les sapins verts, se découpant sur le bleu du ciel dans les cimes, ou sur le jaune chaud et apaisé des terres; au loin des prairies, des ruisseaux; les milles accidents de ce sauve passage qui précède la Suisse, et l'annonce si bien, et enfin la vue se prolonge encore dans un horizon sans bornes, un immense cercle de feu empourprant tout le ciel. Devant cette sublimité de la nature, Voltaire est saisi de respect: il se découvre, se prosterne, et quand il peut parler ses paroles sont un hymne! 'Je crois, je crois en Toi,' s'écriait-il avec enthousiasme; puis décrivant, avec son génie de poète, et la force de son âme, le tableau que reveillait en lui tant d'émotions, au but de chacun des véritables strophes qu'il improvisait, 'Dieu puissant! je crois!' répétait-il encore. Mais tout-à-coup se relevant, il remit son chapeau, secoua la poussière de ses genoux, reprit sa figure plissée, et regardant le ciel comme il regardait quelquefois le Marquis de Villette lorsque ce dernier disait une naïveté, il ajoute vivement, 'Quand à Monsieur le Fils, et à Madame sa Mère, c'est une autre affaire.'"

We rather think we have read this profane story before.

Of the miserable caitiff of genius Rousseau, Lord B. speaks with equal severity and justice. His life was one long offence against virtue and decency, and his writings were generally much over-praised. The details of his unfeeling enormities are sickening; and from his memoir we copy nothing but an epitaph he wrote on Voltaire:

"Plus bel esprit que grand génie,
Sans loi, sans mœurs, et sans vertu;
Il est mort comme il a vécu,
Couvert de gloire et d'infamie."

We may notice that Voltaire had in early life "at Brussels made the acquaintance of J. B. Rousseau, and laid the foundation of the unrelenting animosity with which that middling writer and irritable personage pursued him ever after. This he owed to a jest; having told him, on reading his 'Ode to Posterity,' that it would never reach its destination." Rousseau, himself the author of many licentious epigrams against the clergy, hypocritically affected to take offence at the 'Épître à Uranie,' and at

Voltaire's irreverent demeanour during mass. Had he but spared the truth which he spoke in jest on the bad ode, he might have scoffed with Lucian and blasphemed with Borgia."

We reserve our own eminent countrymen for another opportunity.

Self. By the Author of "Cecil." 3 vols.
H. Colburn.

THE noise made by *Cecil* in the novel-reading world was, we must confess, entirely unanticipated by us; though we could not help perceiving the uncommon degree of talent displayed in that performance. Like the *Vestiges of Creation*, its anonymous authorship has not yet been clearly affiliated; notwithstanding the bent of opinion and assertion assigns it to Mrs. Gore. The well-known abilities of that lady, no doubt, entitle her to the benefit of any supposition which assumes her capacity to produce a very clever work, full of character and acute observation; but, somehow or other, we cannot persuade ourselves that she is the writer of *Cecil* or of the whole of *Self*. Both possess qualities very different from those which mark her acknowledged publications, and it does seem to us that, especially in the present instance, two hands and two heads are manifest.

The first volume of *Self* is as unlike the third as can well be imagined; the one replete with spirit, and touches of a fine or feeling nature; and the other not a whit above the usual run of fashionable fictions, disfigured by personalities, and altogether trite, trivial, and uninteresting. In the first there is a most intimate acquaintance with the state of the high life and political society of London forty years ago; and in the last a sort of aping of that model, as if another party had set to work to complete the web according to the original pattern.* We do not think Mrs. Gore could have acquired the information necessary to develop the earlier scenes; and any body, with a quarter of her powers, might have done all the rest.

The gist of the story is to exhibit the heartless and joyless life of a selfish man, Philip Askham, the second son of a humdrum peer, Lord Edenbourne, with a rent-roll of 30,000*l.* a-year. His sisters make high alliances with men of various tastes and tempers; his elder brother, a *détenu* at Verdun, marries a vulgar French theatrical *soubrette*; and the younger branches of the family are disposed of in sundry ways; but the skein of the story is interwoven with his movements, and his loves, intrigues, and doings give the colours to the whole. But as we do not intend to follow out the incidents, we shall endeavour to afford our readers an insight into the merits of the portion to which we have referred, by selecting some of the most striking traits from vol. i.

It opens well:

"Alas! for the circulating libraries,—the day of the novelist is done!—Our locomotive age has outstripped his sedentary calling. Few have leisure to write,—few even leisure to read. Steam has realised the phrase of Corporal Trim, that—'we are here now and gone in a moment'—and it is consequently as easy, and twice as edifying, to survey the romance of life with our simple optics, as through the reflecting glasses of the press. Thanks, moreover, to the march of civilisation, privacy has been exploded among us, and individuality ef-

* There is also an extensive and classic intimacy with languages, and the works of all ages and countries, which we can hardly attribute to the lady. Greek, Latin, German, Italian, French, &c., are not quoted as from primers, but flow apparently from the studious reading of a literary life.—*Ed. L. G.*

faced. People feel in thousands, and think in tens of thousands. No quiet nook of earth remaining, for the modern Cincinnatus to cultivate his own carrots and opinions;—where humour may expand into exorcism, or originality let grow its beard! Robinson Crusoe's island has been invaded by missionary societies, or colonisation committees;—and, even in our scarcely less barbarous midland counties, railroads are cutting their way into the heart of Harlowe Place, and puffing their desecrations into the venerable face of Grandison Hall. The word 'tender' has acquired, in modern parlance, a sense that would have distracted the chivalrous author of the 'Arcadia'; nor is there a vicarage in the land sufficiently remote from the shriek of the engine-driver to foster the ingenuousness of a Dr. Primrose. No matter!—Certain among us are old enough to remember those inartificial days of slow coaches and turnpike-gates, when country families wore their own unsophisticated hearts and minds, instead of having their sentiments down from town, every morning, ready frizzed, by the early train; and what writer in his senses would exchange a whole shire traversed by a railroad and its branches, for a homely parish, such as Edenbourne presented at the commencement of the present century, when its heavy wagon made a three days' journey from the metropolis, and even the great don at the castle was forced to sleep a night on the road."

Of this castle, its inmates, and neighbours, it is also related:—"Among the lesser gentry, according to whose code the Askhams could do no wrong (so completely had the rector of his lordship's nomination made it an article of religion with them to fear God, honour the king, and respect the Askhams!), much surprise was expressed that a young man having that noble domain at his disposal, and that stately roof over his head, should find any society preferable to his charming home circle. Even those on visiting terms at Eden castle, Mrs. Gwatkin, and her quizzical old brother, Sir Erasmus L'Estrange—even they who were occasionally admitted within that circle's icy precincts, where they could not but notice that Philip was the chartered drudge of the house, were puzzled to conceive what attraction could draw him, morning after morning, to the gate of a certain small tenement, called Eastfield, situated in the pleasantest suburb of Edenbourne, from which he was seldom seen to emerge before set of sun. Mrs. Gwatkin, indeed, who, as the mother of three pensive spinsters (one of whom, in so thin a neighbourhood, was obviously entitled to be fallen in love with by Philip Askham), was so anxious concerning his proceedings, that she did her utmost to engage Sir Erasmus in unravelling the mystery. But the old gentleman—a spare, arnotto-coloured bachelor of sixty-five, whose thin face was as much overgrown by his whisker as his obscure name by an alphabet of initials, indicating his fellowship with all the learned societies of Europe—(having been knighted by George III. in honour of six quartos of travels as dry as himself, written apparently to prove that he had traversed the four quarters of the globe without finding any thing worth mentioning)—the old gentleman was not to be moved by her innuendoes. He had seen without emotion the Pyramids, and temple of Juggernaut; and when assured that 'Mr. Philip Askham—poor infatuated young man—was wasting his life and credit with a lady living at Eastfield'—replied, in his favourite phrase, that 'he saw nothing in it.'"

Such sketches of character appear to us to

be truly piquant—they gleam through many a page; but there are also lesser graces of style and expression, *ex. gr.* :—

"He now took interest in those leading articles heretofore so loathingly rehearsed, and became a nightly attendant in the gallery of the House of Commons, to examine the portents of debate. No great sacrifice! There were giants on the earth in those nights, and gigantic cause of strife to animate their mighty energies. Old England in its buff waistcoat, legislating for the rights of nations, had a somewhat better claim to be listened to than Young England in its white, drivelling with boarding-school elocution over the Pharisaical dissidence of the Puseyites, or the perplexities of the Spanish succession! The re-riveting of his own chains by the captivity of his brother had perhaps some share in creating this profound sympathy. Still, Philip had discernment enough to fear that a nature like that of Percy might degenerate during a long sojourn in France, where all his faults would pass for virtues; and that Verdun must prove a fatal school to the future lord of Eden castle. * * If the whole truth must be told, he was beginning to contemplate, without much disgust, the prospect of a return to Eden castle, whence he had departed in such dudgeon. The summer was come again. June had reappeared in the fields, with her brocaded robe of blossoms; and amid the suffocation of fashionable assemblies, and dusty monotony of Rotten Row, who could forbear to sigh after the cool greenery of Eden Chase, with its dotted thorns, doing penance in their white sheets, and its silvery birches bathing their drooping branch-tips in the brook?"

On revisiting the object of his flame, after a long and jealous absence, Philip finds his place with the lovely widow and her two children held by another occupant.

"To children, eighteen months constitute an eternity; and in reply to Philip's questions about their former pursuits,—the swing, the terrier, the fishing-tackle,—he heard of nothing but 'Sir Erasmus!' 'Sir Erasmus puts us in the swing every morning,' lisped the little fellow; 'and Skye is gone to live at his house; because there is a stable-yard, you know, at the Lodge; and terriers are only fit, mamma says, for a stable-yard.'—As soon as I am able to ride, Sir Erasmus is going to get a Shetland pony for me,' added the child, warming in praise of his friend.—'Mamma took away the little fishing-rod you gave me, because when I went out with it alone, I nearly fell into the river.' Philip lent but a divided attention to the child's long explanations; as a punishment for which, he had further to learn that this untoward accident was the origin of the acquaintance between Eastfield and Edenbourne Lodge. As extremes meet, the venerable naturalist of sixty-four, while groping in the water-meadows after specimens for his herbarium, had come to the aid of the little naturalist of four, minus the sixty; and the terrified mother, thankful that such a Triton should have been at hand among the minnows by which her darling had been betrayed into danger, could no longer close her gates."

A part of the ensuing conversation is no less skillfully given.

"You perceive, Mr. Askham, that your long absence has caused your name to be excluded from our list," said Mrs. Saville, in a conciliatory tone, as if shocked by the mutual ungraciousness of her visitors. "I have indeed become a stranger here," was the bitter retort of Philip; and though, during the remainder of

the visit, his gentle hostess devoted herself to the task of soothing his evidently ruffled spirit, and though woman, like the viper, possesses in her own nature an antidote for every wound of her infliction, on the present occasion the venom had spread too widely. Philip Askham eventually took his departure from the cottage, writhing under as absurd a sense of ill-usage, as though the fair Evelyn had violated an engagement to preserve their acquaintanceship immaculate as the vows of affianced love!"

Of general remarks, the following may be cited as examples:—

"The literature of the country was just then at a discount. Prophets had appeared, indeed, but they prophesied in the wilderness. Those great writers, whose names are now inscribed on corner-stones of the temple of fame,—Wordsworth, Coleridge, Southey,—were damned by an epithet; while Moore, like a frisky lord in a police-office, was fain to shelter his irregularities under an assumed name. The uproar of war's alarms had somewhat deafened the ear of the public to the music of Apollo's flute. The fashionable world, accordingly, restricted its literary enjoyments to laughing at the waggeries of the Anti-Jacobin, or shrieking at the diabolisms of Monk Lewis;—dim foreshewings of the Romantic school, on the eve of its creation by Scott,—or gurglings of the vitriolic Hippocrene about to start from the earth on the stamping of the Pegasus of Byron. The *belles lettres*, which, for two centuries past, have received their impulsion from France, had undergone a staggering blow at the revolution, under the effects of which they still languished; and, behold, as in the case of other extenuated patients, hysteria supervened. Of such a state of things, irony is the natural offspring,—the false spirits arising from a disorganised constitution. '*A chaque époque donnée*,' says Hegel, '*il y a toujours correspondance parfaite entre l'état du monde à cette époque, et la philosophie qui en est la conscience et la pensée*;'—and as in France, melodrama with her matted locks and reeking poniard had sprung out of the excesses of the revolution (like one of the crime-engendered monsters described by Ariosto), in England, the Edinburgh and Quarterly Reviews were attempting to banter into a sense of its deficiencies that sullen public which refused to listen to the charming of a wiser charmer. * * *

"That airy nothing called the present is the subtle essence of human existence,—the thing that creates our reputation, and decides our fortunes.—The frescoes of some grand Italian cupola, viewed face to face, present a confusion of blurs and blotches; yet, at a distance, resolve themselves into a majestic design. So should the daily trivialities of life be studiously adjusted. * * *

"No greater mistake than to attribute a double charm to the recreations snatched in the intervals of a busy life. A school-boy alone is young enough to enjoy his vacation with a vague conviction that it is morrowless. On the mind of Sir James, the weighty duties of a responsible post cast their shadows before, even while presiding over his convivial board:—nay, the board itself had become *less* convivial. Topics once freely discussed there would have been out of place in presence of the law advisers of the Crown; and diatribes, regarded as an excellent joke by members of the opposition, had become sad earnest to government men. Often, when some literary guest, over whom the change of administration had exercised no positive influence, hazarded a fling at *la chose publique*, such as a foretime would have set the table in a roar, silence and consternation ensued. * * *

"Why not add (as your friend Mr. Hardyng did the other day) that first love is the convulsion incident on our second teething?—Why not invent something pungent on the delicacy of selecting a husband by the heart rather than the head?—Can you devise no striking epigram on the childishness of preferring a crust of bread and liberty to Hurstwood and the society of a man as companionable as the mastiff in his court-yard? * * *

"Few struggles, perhaps, are more painful to the human heart than the first perception of its inconstancy to the memory of the dead. When faithless to the living, excuses are usually to be found, in their own conduct, or some moral or physical change. We are always entitled to say, (as the song does,) concerning those to whom we have 'plighted an eternal vow,'

'So altered are thy face and mind,
'Twere perjury to love thee now!'

But there is no such pretext as regards those holy memories consecrated by the stillness of the tomb. The sweet face we beheld enshrouded for the grave cannot *since* have frowned upon us: the manly hand that wrung our own in its parting agony cannot *since* have pressed the hand of another. The change is in our infirmity of nature. We have violated a solemn pledge. We have transferred to flesh and blood the tenderness sacred to a shade! * * *

"There is not (we repeat it, that our meaning may be unmistakable) a greater blunder than to attribute hospitality to Great Britain; and it should be seen to in the next Useful Knowledge edition of the *Vulgar Errors* of Sir Thomas Brown. We may have been hospitable, perchance, in the days when we had only hips, haws, and acorns to set before our guests, and wolf-skins for their wedding-garments; for our wattled cabins possessed no door for the exclusion of strangers. But the moment the Angle became a cooking animal, and above all, from the moment the patrician Englishman became a French cooking animal, and knockers and street-doors intervened between private life and the public, our sense of hospitality was as that of an eagle in its eyry! Set not thine arms a-kembo, excellent public (*statua gentilissima!*), nor fling back the accusation in our teeth. We deny not that thou art a mighty giver of feasts,—that thy banquets, from lord mayor's day all the year round, are savoury to the palate and ponderous to the mahogany. For thou givest dinners to thy friends, as dismissal to thy servants, at a month's warning; and at Christmas time, or throughout the hunting season, as thy thousands per annum admit, fillest thy best beds with guests, and thy steward's room with the strange menials within thy gates. Thou settest thine ale abroad, taking care that thy county paper shall note the measure of its overflowing; and biddest to the rich viands of thy many courses, those who have rich viands to offer in return. But we say again, that, as regards the genial spirit of hospitality, thou art a very churl! Thy flesh-pots simmer only for those who are ready with an equivalent; and even they must feed at thy own time, and the suggestion of thy good pleasure, or seek elsewhere for entertainment! Let a guest but keep thy dinner waiting half an hour, and he will see! How much more, if he pretend to claim a meal, when thine ostentations are laid on the shelf! Thou offerest him turtle and venison in due season; but let him ask a slice of mutton of thee at his need! While affecting an openness of hospitality worthy the tents of Arabia, thou wouldst erase from thy list of friends a man capable of requesting a

crust of bread and glass of Madeira, when luncheon time was past. . . .

"What woman would not rather be remembered with bitterness, than wholly dismissed from recollection?"

But another and larger picture of society in the upper ranks, viz. at Grandison House:

"Seldom had so attractive a circle enlivened the *pompes funèbres* of aristocratic life, as was collected round the handsome mother of Lady Anastasia. It could not boast of possessing, or rather it boasted of not possessing, those political Goggs and Magogs—those judicial *têtes à perruque* which imparted substance to the coquette at Eske Hill; but its surface was smooth as glass, and soft as satin. No importunate buffoons, no sturdy citizens of the republic of letters. Its literature was written on curl-papers, its politics were steeped in rose-water. To Grandison House, in short, may be traced the germ of that refined but flimsy order of society, which expanded into full luxuriance under the regency, and died a natural death with George the Fourth. The Countess of Grandison was a woman belonging to a species which has happily no type in Great Britain. Many creeping things are indigenous among us; but such noxious insects as scorpions, tarantulas, moschetos, *cavaliers serpenti*, *chevaliers d'industrie*, and *mamans galantes*, are the growth of Italy or France. A middle-aged matron so blinded by vanity as to overlook the grown-up daughter by her side, is in England a *rara avis*! But as when a white swallow or blue spoonbill is accidentally shot, the phenomenon is sure to be proclaimed to the public by the semi-scientific slipshod of some provincial paper, it behoved the Morning Post to announce in the spring of 1803, that an Englishwoman of high degree had returned from her travels, encrusted with gorgeous Parisianism, as a rusty key is converted into a golden one by the process of electrolytic gilding; the homely wife and mother being obliterated by the woman of fashion. Lady Grandison had completed her education in the finishing school of those recondite *salons* of the Faubourg St. Germain, where the *ancien régime* reconcentrated its *bon ton*, like crystallised odour of roses in a gilded flask, during the vulgarisms of the republic;—intent on proving that if its head had fortuitously escaped the guillotine, there was still, to borrow the expression of Sir Erasmus L'Estrange, 'nothing in it;' and pursuing its *victoires et conquêtes* with as little principle or compunction, as the omni-victorious emperor it took the impertinent liberty of despising. Emerging from such an academy, Lady Grandison's object, like theirs, was to come, see, and conquer. Somewhat late in life, indeed, to enter the field! But the Prince of Wales had brought full-blown beauty into fashion; and her ladyship, like the royal favourite, was 'fat, fair, and forty'; nay, very fair, very fat, and very forty,—for, to the knowledge of many, she had remained so for the last five years! Her merit consisted in good-nature and good-breeding;—a somewhat aerial balance against recklessness, even to the breaking of the law! What better, however, was to be expected of a woman whose husband took less heed of her welfare, spiritual or temporal, than of the condition of the least promising of his colts entered for the Houghton or Leger? For Lord Grandison was as specifically English in his habits as his lady was inordinately foreign;—a man only to be met with in this our great hippodrome of the civilised earth!—Lord Grandison devoted twice as many thousands a-year as had ever been in his possession, to the improvement of the breed

of horses in Great Britain;—such being, if acts of parliament are to be credited, the highly patriotic purpose of our great national institution—the turf! Yet no one would have inferred from the distinction of his air and address, that his birth as a peer of the realm had deprived the country of an experienced horse-dealer. The marriage of the Grandisons was a made-up match,—a take-in of the knowing ones. As the inmate of a ducal residence in Yorkshire during the Doncaster race-week, his lordship had been betting deep and drinking deep, though deep in no other particular;—when lo! one morning at breakfast, he was assailed on all sides with congratulations by the party staying in the house, on having been accepted, the preceding night, after his third bottle of claret, by the lovely Lady Anastasia Treby. Too gentlemanly a man and stanch a sportsman to appeal to Grandison sober from Grandison when in his claret-cups, the match came off; and Lord Grandison, who had remembered nothing of the proposal, soon seemed to remember as little of the marriage. The new countess took care not to remind him. It would really have been a shame. For so long as he remained oblivious, Lord Grandison was the happiest of (sporting) men,—at Melton all the winter,—at Epsom, Ascot, Egham, Doncaster, York, Tattersall's, Milton's, wherever men and horses are gathered together, throughout the remainder of the year: while his lady followed, in London or Brighton, Paris or Rome, the fashion and her own devices;—whereas, had the happy couple been compelled to run in harness together, an upset was inevitable. With the decent regularity of domestic life such a *ménage* must always be at issue; and Lady Grandison, who, like the other light substance called amber, had the faculty of attracting straws, lived surrounded by admirers; to whom the world, ever apter to conceive the existence of vice than folly, assigned a harsher name. But the world outshot its mark. Through life, her ladyship had been absorbed by a single and engrossing passion,—Lady Grandison alone having possession of the tender heart of Lady Grandison. Adoring her own sweet face and lovely form, she encouraged a crowd of fashionable fops, only as an attestation to the public that her attachment was not misplaced. It was a startling thing to a woman of this description, who had been pretty so long that she knew not how to leave it off, to find the little daughter, so long a plaything at her feet, shot up to the intrusive growth of seventeen years, and claiming her lawful share of admiration. Lady Grandison, who by her recent sojourn in France had grown fifteen years younger, could not stand the test of such a rivalry. Dear Stasy must be married off out of the way;—well, if possible, at all events married;—and her mother prepared for the achievement with the sort of fussiness certain to defeat its object. Nothing, however, could exceed her ladyship's surprise on finding, at the close of the third season, her daughter still established in permanent rivalry at her side! Nobody could guess why. It would have been difficult to point out a prettier or more pleasing person than Lady Anastasia; or, according to her insight into the duties of life, a more amiable. She was fondly attached to the countess, who, though desirous of her early establishment, was an indulgent mother and good-humoured companion; testifying her love for 'dear Stasy' at twenty, much as she had done for 'dear Stasy' at two, by gifts of toys and gewgaws, and bewildering her with a double allotment of the pastimes of life. But if Lady Grandison felt deeply mortified that her daughter

should remain her satellite, instead of shining as the planet of another sphere,—society was the gainer. The flirting chaperon being determined to have her opera-box to herself, the fêtes of Grandison House became every day more brilliant; and the countess more eager for popularity and assiduous to please. It did not occur to her that she was too popular and pleasing for a mother-in-law; or that the young men of the day might be accustomed to hear her spoken of in terms fatal to the interests of her daughter."

With this we will conclude our notice, having endeavoured to look into the book, as the author—authors? smartly tell us of a boy so inveterately pugnosed that you looked aside lest by mistake you should see into his head; and merely observing, that many individuals (the Prince Regent, Lord Eldon, Sir Henry Hallford, Sir W. Knighton, &c. &c. &c.) are mentioned by name, and many more so obviously portraits of living or lately deceased persons that they cannot be mistaken, we bid farewell to this very unequal, and, in the latter particulars, very objectionable, gallery.

The Life and Travels of Thomas Simpson, the Arctic Discoverer. By his Brother Alexander Simpson. 8vo, pp. 424. London, Bentley. MANY of the particulars which appear in this volume have been communicated to the public before, in numerous forms, and especially in the "Narrative" of Mr. Simpson's discoveries, from the same publisher, in 1843. We are not, however, indisposed to see them again in a more connected and complete shape; though we should have liked them better had they been less flowery and poetical, as being more suited to such subjects than the ornate and magniloquent.

Thomas Simpson was the son of a worthy schoolmaster, of Dingwall in Ross-shire, and finished his education at the college of Aberdeen, being intended for the kirk. But the family was related to Sir George Simpson, governor of the Hudson's Bay Company; and he induced his young kinsman to come out to him in America in 1829, and gave him employment in the company, whither also his brother and biographer, Alexander, followed him. Having served for several years as a clerk, he was in 1836 selected with Mr. P. W. Dease to proceed to the northern coast, from Atabasca Lake, and explore such portions of it as had been left unvisited by preceding travellers, such as Hearne, Mackenzie, Franklin, Back, &c. by land, and Parry, Ross, and others by sea. What he accomplished between the years 1836 and 1840, during an absence of three years and two months, "marked (as his brother says) by toils, perils, and privations, such as have seldom been endured," is well known; and the present work goes rather into his personal reasons for dissatisfaction than into any further elucidation of the geographical portion of his discoveries. With regard to the latter the author remarks:

"The extent of discovery on the northern coast of America, previous to 1837, may be concisely recapitulated thus:—Point Barrow, the north-east cape of Behring's Straits, reached by the Blossom's barge from the Pacific, is in longitude 158° 20' W. From the Atlantic, an advance had been made through Prince Regent's Inlet to longitude 92° W. The distance between these two points is (in round numbers) one thousand six hundred statute miles. The existence of two rivers falling into the Arctic Sea between those points, and flowing northward from countries compara-

tively known, was proved by Hearne and Mackenzie. Following those rivers, two successive government expeditions traced the coast between their mouths; and also an extent of coast westward from Mackenzie's river, of three hundred and forty miles; and eastward from Coppermine River, of one hundred and eighty miles. The expedition of Captain Back proved that a river fell into the Arctic Ocean at a point nearly due south of Captain Ross's Peninsula of Boothia. Thus, then, it remained for the expedition to which my brother was appointed, first, to fill up the blank between the extreme west of Franklin's discoveries and Point Barrow, a distance of one hundred and seventy miles. But in order to attain this *terra incognita*, it was necessary to pass along a line of coast of three hundred and forty miles—the hard-won progress of Franklin during the summer of 1826. Second, to trace the arctic coast between Franklin's Eastern Extreme, and the gulf (Prince Regent's Inlet), to which entrances had been proved to exist from Baffin's Bay by Barrow's Straits, and from Hudson's Bay by the Straits of the Fury and Hecla—a distance of four hundred miles. To attain this wide field of exploration, it was necessary to pass along a line of coast of one hundred and eighty miles, the discovery of which was effected by Franklin's first and disastrous expedition. These objects were fully accomplished through the exertions and energies of my brother—exertions often impeded, energies repressed, by the unfortunate and ill-judged addition to the expedition, which he himself planned, of a senior officer."

The affirmative of the second of the foregoing propositions is not so distinctly made out; but we give the whole quotation as of peculiar interest at a moment when another naval expedition is about to leave our shores (on the 8th of May) to investigate the same problem.

Mr. Thomas Simpson's private correspondence with his brother, which is now produced and very much applauded, had, in our opinion, much better never have seen the light. It does not add to the high estimation in which we, and all the world, held his character; nor does it gild his services with a brighter hue. Indeed, there are parts of it which evince a spirit of discontent, jealousy, and detraction, altogether painful after a fatal tragedy had consigned the bold and enthusiastic image of our former ideal to an untimely grave. His brother's mistaken love has planted nettles and thorns, not flowers, upon that wild resting-place. The slighting manner in which Captain Back is spoken of, after acknowledging (p. 107) that "his discoveries were greater than any of them in the north expected," is one instance of this error; and his long complaints about Mr. Dease, and Governor Simpson, and, after all was over, his own and his brother's censures of the Hudson Bay Company and of ministers for not granting pensions, jar upon the mind, and disturb that admiration and respect heretofore generally conceded to the intrepidity and merit of Thomas Simpson. We copy some of his letters to illustrate these observations:

To Governor Simpson, dated Fort Norman, September 8th, 1837.

"I am proud of the interest felt by their honours (the directors of the Hudson's Bay Company) in our expedition: and hope that our present despatches will shew that your confidence in our zeal has not been misplaced. I do not know what pecuniary reward is attached by the king's orders in council to that portion of the arctic navigation completed by us this summer; but I trust that you will ascertain

this point, and not allow our interests to be overlooked. Your were pleased to tell me that my services as your secretary at Red River had earned a chief-tradership; now, however, I have the exclusive honour of unfurling the company's flag on Point Barrow, and of thus uniting the Arctic to the Western Ocean,—which I humbly think entitles me to the second step. Consider, I beseech you, the importance of the geographical problem solved; the able officers whom it baffled; the rewards conferred upon them for what they effected; and do not reject my just claims, although I am one of your own relatives. I have always (in despite of harsh treatment*) confided implicitly in your kind sentiments towards me, and feel that they will be fully displayed on the present occasion. Such preferment, instead of cooling my zeal, would animate and inflame it, and at the same time give me the standing requisite to the creditable production of our travels to the world. Mr. Dease is a good honourable man. I believe I have acquired his friendship, for in every thing, even to the plan of our little Fort Confidence, he has adopted my advice, and has left the direction of the march entirely to me; the result proves that it has not languished under my directions; indeed, in such a service the surveyor must, of necessity, act as guide. While the whole onus of the duty thus rests on me, I cannot help feeling sure that you should have considered it necessary to entrust another with the command."

Jan. 29, 1838, he writes to his brother from Fort Confidence:

"My last to you was from Fort Norman in September, announcing our safe and early return from our first glorious campaign: I should say mine, for mine alone was the victory. * * * Mr. Dease and I live together on the happiest footing; his old wife, a little grandchild, and a strapping wench, a daughter of his brother Charles, joining our mess. Dease is a worthy, indolent, illiterate soul, and moves just as I give the impulse. With respect to the dangers to be encountered, make yourself quite easy on my account. They are great, indeed, compared with those of civilised life, but really present nothing appalling to people who have traversed the interior of this wild country. Our plans, thanks to my own foresight, are all admirably laid, and can scarcely fail to maintain us in plenty, and to ensure success. I am no wild theorist, like Dr. King: all my proceedings are based on calculation and knowledge. On that foundation, and a humble reliance on a stronger arm than man's, do I build my hopes. * * * Why were we born poor and friendless, when many a dolt inherits a fair estate?"

In September of the same year he writes:

"Had I acted like Parry, and others similarly circumstanced, I might have converted the erroneous notions of my senior to my own future aggrandisement; instead of which, sacrificing interest to honesty, I have been urging him on to his own advantage, reserving only the labour to myself. * * *

"On the 29th at dusk, we rejoined Mr. Dease and our comrades at the boats. We had, on our return, found a great change in the state of the ice, which now only obstructed the shores, leaving every where a clear offing. Had I not been, like Sinbad the sailor, hampered with an old man on my back, I should have immediately turned eastward with both boats; but the apprehensions of my useless senior and of the

* "The passages in italics are in the rough drafts, but scored out, as if not inserted in the fair copies. I retain them as expressions of my brother's feelings."

crews overpowered my single voice. * * *

For myself, I am still—and I glory in it—and a clerk in their honours' service, though I have won a distinguished place among Northern Discoverers. I hope it may be as you say, that a wider field will be opened to me; though I confess I apprehend some slippery trick on the part of the concern on which my discoveries throw lustre. They cannot, however, bar the foot of the throne against me. Back, it appears, got 'back' after doing nothing."

Now, whatever the truth may have been, it is unseemly and very disagreeable to hear an individual largely bepraising himself, whilst he is disparaging others. Alexander Simpson ought not to have printed these letters; but he is himself a disappointed man.

On the question of poor Thomas's death, he maintains that there was a plot of Bird's to destroy him for the sake of his papers, and that his butchery of that unfortunate person and Antoine Legros was an act of self-protection; and farther, that he was not insane and did not commit suicide, but was murdered by the party with whom they previously travelled and which was brought up to the scene of the catastrophe by Bruce and the younger Legros.

With respect to arctic discovering the author says:

"It will be observed by reference to my brother's letters, and to his last will, that he considered that, through his discoveries, the question of the existence of a north-west passage had been finally solved in the affirmative. It will also have been seen that the opinions of the English press were to the same effect: in fact, that thereon he founded his claim. Was this claim unfounded? Can any subsequent explorations deprive him of the merit of connecting the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans by an open sea-communication? To this point I have already adverted; and I should not have returned to the subject, had I not observed, while preparing the foregoing pages for the press, that it is in contemplation by the British government to send out another maritime expedition (how many have already failed!) for the discovery of a north-polar passage between the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans. The connexion by my brother of the discovery on the polar coasts of Beechey, Franklin, and Back, forming a continuous line of arctic American sea-board of sixty-two degrees of longitude, is, of course, perfectly incontrovertible. The only possible point on which a doubt can be hung as to his having completed the junction of the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans, is, whether he reached the same sea which Sir John Ross sailed down in the Victory, passing through Barrow's Straits and Prince Regent's Inlet, and which Parry saw before him from the western extremity of the Straits of 'the Fury and Hecla.' His own opinion that he had reached this gulf is thus expressed:—'We could therefore hardly doubt being now arrived at that large gulf uniformly described by the Esquimaux as containing many islands, and with many indentations running down to the southward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays.' The correctness of this opinion has not been questioned by those best acquainted with the subject, until a very recent period, when a conjecture has been hazarded, that 'North Somerset is a part of the main continent of America.' This conjecture implies the existence of an isthmus connecting Boothia Felix with the continent. As I have already pointed out, such an isthmus was as-

* "Dr. King in letters on Arctic Discovery, addressed to Sir J. Barrow."

serted by Sir John Ross to exist. Back's voyage went far to disprove this assertion, and an inspection of the chart, as now all but filled up by my brother's discoveries, will, I am convinced, satisfactorily prove its incorrectness. It will be seen that, after passing through a narrow strait, in which there was a rapid rush of tide from the east,* my brother passed the estuary of Back's great Fish River, and proceeding some distance further, with a clear sea, reached lon. 94° 14'; and obtained a view of the coast for eight miles further. This was an advance to precisely the same parallel of longitude that had been reached by Sir John Ross in the Victory; and the distance between the two points attained in their sea-going craft, i. e. Felix Harbour (Ross), and River Castor and Pollux (Simpson), is less than one hundred miles in a line due north and south. Pedestrian excursions made from the Victory reduce this blank to less than sixty miles. There is nothing to induce a belief or supposition that there exists any obstructing land between these two points: on the contrary, there are the strongest reasons to conclude that there is an open sea-communication between them. With the plan of the maritime expedition to be sent by her majesty's government to the arctic regions, I am quite unacquainted: but taking naturally a deep interest in, and having long and attentively studied the subject, I cannot forbear making a few remarks in regard to it. My decided opinion is, that the most advisable channel for vessels to attempt the passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean is through Barrow's Straits, Prince Regent's Inlet, the Straits of Boothia, and thence along the arctic American coast to Behring's Straits; and I express a strong conviction, that notwithstanding the uncertainties of arctic navigation, a passage may be accomplished through this channel with only one winter's delay in the polar seas: nay, that by good fortune a passage from sea to sea might be accomplished the same season."

If Mr. Simpson had happened to read the *Literary Gazette* (No. 1466, February 22d), he would have seen that the expedition under Sir John Franklin and Captain Crozier is to proceed by Barrow's Strait; but, instead of entangling itself with the narrows of Prince Regent's Inlet and Straits of Boothia, is to take the course far more likely to be open between Cape Walker and Banks' Land, and touch the North American coast to the west of Wollaston Land, perhaps about Franklin Bay or Cape Bathurst, or even beyond the mouth of the Mackenzie River.

To relieve our review from the unpleasantness of censure, and the dryness of science, we will now add two or three miscellaneous matters, and conclude.

For what they call in Scotland "a stickit parson" (i. e. one intended for the ministry who does not reach the pulpit), the manners of the Hudson Bay employés seem to have sat easily on Thomas Simpson.

"A gay and a merry race they were, these Canadian voyageurs, even under this excessive toil. Wherever they went, they gaily sang

"I find it recorded in my brother's notes (there is but one other case which has come under my notice in which his notes add to the distinctness of his despatches and narrative), that 'there are strong currents or little races among the islands in the Strait of Boothia, also in the estuary of the Great Fish River.' If the comparatively open sea, to which the Strait of Boothia led, were merely a *cû de sac*, as the junction of Boothia Felix to the continent would make it, how are we to account for these 'strong currents or little races'? Are they not indicative of this being the open passage between two oceans?"

their voyageur-songs. These have often mixed with the wild cries of the savages of Missouri and Ohio; the St. Lawrence, Ottawa, and each Canadian river, were, for many long years, navigated only by the happy race who carolled them forth: they lightened the labours of the adventurous rovers who first penetrated into the 'Indian Territory,' and pushed their way even to the Pacific Ocean and the Arctic Sea. The race is now all but extinct. Their songs, in a few years, will be forgotten; nor will I maintain that they were much worthy of preservation either for their music or their words. Yet many an hour have I listened to them with pleasure; and 'La belle Rose,' yet, would sound sweeter to my ear,—albeit it were struck up by a rough voice, and responded to by a rougher chorus,—than the strains of Grist,—nay, of the sweet singer of mine own north country, Wilson. * * * Every Englishman is supposed to be able to join in 'God save the Queen!' so every Canadian voyageur can swell, with his sweet voice, the chorus of 'La belle Rose'; and, in consequence, it is generally selected to give *éclat* to the departure and arrival of the few bark canoes which still, once a year, start from Canada for the North-west. 'La belle Rose' is a virtuous young lady, described by the voyaging troubadour as magnanimously declining naughty offers made to her, though they were backed by a settlement of 'six cents francs par un,' expressing her rejection thus:

*'Je ne couche point avec un homme
Hors qu'il m'épouse auparavant.'*

Admirable, indeed, is the resolution declared by this damsel (would that all damsels would observe it); and, to respect such a resolution, every good and true voyageur was bound by a solemn oath, which he took on passing the Rubicon—the point any progress beyond which made him a true '*homme du nord*,' possessed of an indisputable right to look with contempt on '*les mangeurs de lard*' (pork-eaters) of his native parishes. This Rubicon, by-the-by, often shifted its position, at each change being placed farther from the voyageur's centre of civilisation—Montreal. It was at a little lake, named the 'Committee's punch-bowl,' situated at the summit of a pass in the Rocky Mountains, its waters running into the Arctic Sea from the eastern end, and into the Pacific Ocean from the western, that I took a solemn vow,—'*De ne jamais coucher avec la femme ou la fille d'un voyageur—sans qu'elle veut.*'

So says Alexander; and thus wrote Thomas on setting out:

"Hurrah for a Husky wife! I have got the portrait of mine at full length in Captain Franklin's last voyage. Our worthy mother favoured me with some lengthy strictures respecting Indian connexions. What would she say to see me figuring by-and-by with a young Esquimaux wife, and a pair of urchins in her boots?"

Religious conversions appear to be on a par with the morality of these regions:

"A Wesleyan clergyman from Canada (we are told) passed the winter of 1838-39 at the western extremity of Lake Superior. The Indians were all but pagans; they had once seen and received baptism from a Catholic priest stationed about a hundred miles off. The Wesleyan laboured assiduously, and began to have a numerous congregation, whom he diligently instructed. The priest heard of this; he considered the poor natives as adherents of the pope, and he couldn't afford to lose them without a struggle. He would not venture among them himself, but he despatched one of his acolytes; and to ensure his success, fur-

nished him with a fearful picture, representing the enemy of mankind (the bad Manitou) busily employed in forking Protestants into the burning pit. This piece of 'pictorial preaching' had such an effect, that the worthy Wesleyan could never afterwards muster another meeting; and loud were his subsequent denunciations of 'the woman of Babylon,' 'the scarlet lady,' 'Antichrist,' &c. A somewhat similar occurrence took place in 'Oregon.' The Protestants (American missionaries) had first occupied the field. French Canadian priests arrived a few years afterwards, and soon gained great ascendancy over the natives by the distribution of a 'biblical tree,' shewing, pictorially, many of the Old Testament events, the coming of our Lord Jesus, and the subsequent progress of his church until those pestilential heretics Luther and Calvin verged from the straight narrow way leading to salvation into a crooked road which (so the picture shadowed) led them and their followers to eternal fire. This had wonderful effect; and the Protestant brethren tried in vain to regain the lost ground by exhibiting an antagonist tree, shewing the gradual divergence of Rome from the right path. Truly it becomes every true Christian to pray that the time may speedily come when it will be felt by all, that religion

*'Is not for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right:
When what we wish is, at the best,
To see our church excel the rest.'*

Of our late friends the Ojibeways, Mr. S. says: "The upper country of the Ottawa and the shores of Lake Huron have not yet been taken possession of by colonists; but even there, wood-hewers and other adventurers have penetrated, and the natives are rapidly decreasing in number. The fire-water works its usual effects among the men; while, to use the words of a late Canadian governor, whose romantic despatches occasionally frightened the colonial office from its propriety,—nay, even awakened Lord Glenelg from his apathetic slumbers,—'by some infernal powers the faces of the babies are becoming blanched!' From this region came the Ojibway Indians lately exhibiting in London. I may remark regarding them, that to gull the English public—(gullible it was declared by Shakspeare to have been in his time, gullible it still is)—they were decked out in costumes which they neither saw nor wore in their own country. The leather dresses and ornaments were those appertaining to the prairie tribes, whose nearest haunt is distant at least one thousand miles from the Ojibway country. Their war-dances, also, were merely antics carefully rehearsed for the occasion: of war they have no knowledge or experience, being a quiet demi-civilised race. With all the other Indian tribes of British America (the few scattered over New Brunswick and Nova Scotia excepted) the Hudson's Bay Company alone has communication."

Of the Indians, when driven to extremities by starvation, the account is horrible; for, like Saturn, they kill and devour their own children. Mr. S. says:

"Revolt and incredible as this may appear, it takes place occasionally among all the Indian tribes when starvation is imminent. My brother records thus: A valid reason for leaving home.—'In a conversation with the Dogribs we afterwards learned that these mountain Indians are cannibals, and immediately upon any scarcity arising, cast lots for victims. Their fierce manners have been circumstantially detailed by an old man, who, while yet a stripling, fled from the tribe, and joined himself to the

Dogribs, in consequence of finding his mother, on his return from a successful day's hunting, employed in roasting the body of her own child, his youngest brother? I may, in like manner, instance the following as a good reason for a separation.—An Indian couple, finding their provisions quite exhausted, lengthened out their existence by eating their children. Plenty again rejoiced with them; but the thoughts of the cannibal father still revelled in the delights of human flesh. In the exuberance of these thoughts he unwittingly muttered in his wife's hearing, 'She is fat, and would be good to eat.' The hint was not lost on the woman. As soon as he slept, she firmly bound his arms and legs, and then set off with all speed for the nearest trading-station.—A strong incentive to industry.—An expert old hunter, accompanied by his wife and a young boy placed in their charge, went off in the autumn to their hunting grounds. The old couple returned in the spring with an unusually large quantity of furs, and consequently had an extra allowance of frog. *In vino veritas*. In the talkativeness of intoxication the man declaimed thus: 'I'm a good hunter, a very good hunter; I have brought many skins to the fort; but if I had not killed the beavers they were on my wife would have eaten me as she ate the boy.'

Practical Observations on the efficacy of Medical Inhalations in the treatment of Pulmonary Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, Chronic Cough, and other Diseases of the Respiratory Organs, and in Affections of the Heart. By Alfred B. Maddock, M.D. 2d Edition. 8vo, pp. 137. Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

SECOND Edition saves us from an elaborate analysis of Dr. Maddock's treatment of diseases of the lungs and respiratory organs by medicated inhalations. It is impossible not to believe that, combined with other professional means, such a *modus medendi* is particularly applicable to the treatment of diseases of the respiratory organs, although very generally neglected by physicians. The introduction of tar by Sir A. Crichton in 1817 created at first a great sensation; but the anticipations held out by its use were not corroborated by experience. Creosote, introduced by Dr. Elliotson, was still more speedily discontinued. Dr. Hastings next introduced the pyro-acetic spirit, but with an equal want of success. Iodine was introduced in 1829, by Sir James Murray and Dr. Scudamore, and this powerful substance, combined with sedatives, is what Dr. Maddock uses; as also chlorine, which he speaks of as very nearly approaching a specific in pulmonary consumption. This is, strictly speaking, a professional question, and can only be decided by experience; but it is one which involves so many interests, dear to us all, that we have deemed it a duty to notice and second any endeavours to extend our knowledge of the efficacy of medicated inhalations.

The Cock and Anchor, being a Chronicle of Old Dublin City. 3 vols. Dublin, W. Curry; London, Longmans; Edinb., Fraser and Co. THE Cock and Anchor was an ancient hostel in Dublin, and events which happened in connexion with its picturesque premises a hundred and thirty years ago, receive their romance name from its sign-board. The tale is one of melancholy interest and fatal issue; told with considerable power, and cleverly descriptive of the men and manners of the times when Lord Wharton was lord-lieutenant. Gambling, hard-drinking, profligacy, robbery not sticking at murder, and every species of public and pri-

vate turmoil which could spring from coarse and fierce passions, are delineated with skill and effect; and the course of true love, which would otherwise soften the aspect of the ruder and more savage scenes, runs, alas, even more turbulently and sadly than in the poet's song.

The characters are forcibly drawn—the villain contrasted with the virtuous; the harsh with the gentle, the treacherous with the faithful. The awful close of one life, and the mournful destiny of the heroine and hero; the fidelity of servants (with the humours of Trotty), and the clash of the whole social fabric, display graphic abilities which cannot fail to enlist the sympathies of novel-readers in the page of the author. But the incidents are founded on actual facts; to be found in the judicial records and other memorials of Dublin in 1710.

The Mesmerist. Pp. 140. London, H. Cunningham.

A SMART and cutting satire upon the follies and impostures of mesmerism. It is no discussion of the actual philosophy attached to the inquiry, but a just and humorous exposure of the frauds and falsehoods upon which the quacks, who have fastened on the mania, contrive to levy public contributions and live. Though put in amusing forms, with plenty of pleasant illustrations from poets and prose writers on other subjects, these latter are amusingly apposite, and the "cases in point" both caustic and convincing.

The Spirit of the Polka, &c. By Capt. Knox. Pp. 86. London, Olivier.

A CLEYER *jeu d'esprit*, in which the Captain imitates his namesake, the famous John, in dealing hard blows at the Polka mania, but in a much more humorous tone than was used by the denouncer of popery. The Queen, it is said, has set her face and feet against the Polka, and the forthcoming court-ball is expected to try the fashionable fortunes of the Bohemian dance; and if her Majesty should follow Capt. Knox, its doom is sealed. It may still, indeed, be performed by the vulgar (whose ideas and imitations are already sufficiently ridiculous), but the *élite*, the prancers of the world, must give it up. *Sotto voce*, we are whispered, they are almost ready to do so, because . . . Partners, whilst stamping with their heels, have no opportunity of saying the soft and needful things which could be conveniently articulated in the slow, creeping quadrille.

Adventures in Georgia, Circassia, and Russia. By Lieut.-Col. G. P. Cameron. 2 vols. H. Colburn.

ENCOURAGED by the excellent advice of his enlightened friend, Major Shadwell Clerke, Col. Cameron has, by his writings, done much to abate, if not to cure us of, the furious Russian mania which has pervaded our journals and other literature for some few years. The publisher of this work may well say, "our bane and antidote are before us;" for from his press has issued very violent tirades on the opposite side; and we hardly expected to see from the same repository the fairy story of *Beauty and the Beast* re-produced, and the *Beast* Nicolas transformed into an exceedingly handsome and captivating prince. The talents, activity, and hatred of Polish emigrants have a good deal to do with what we read about Russia in the usual channels of public intelligence, and also in small and great evils, pamphlets and big books, relating to that empire and its ruler. The application of English notions to either, is another source of considerable mistake; and altogether the external policy and internal government of that vast state are so confused and confounded by con-

flicting accounts, that we question if the Foreign Secretary of State himself can distinctly make out which is the right and which the wrong.

For ourselves, we are well pleased with Col. Cameron. His personal adventures and observations are interesting, and his good sense is so obvious, that we cannot but feel disposed to put faith in his impartiality.

The author reprobates the work of the Marquis de Custine, as not only personally ungrateful, but essentially untrue in its representations. But as the sentiments of both writers are already before the public for examination and decision, we will not descend farther on this collected edition of Col. Cameron than to state, that its details are entertaining, and exhibit the manners of the people among whom he travelled in a very light and agreeable style.

Lands Classical and Sacred. By Lord Nugent. 2 vols. C. Knight.

SIX months, from the beginning of December 1843 to the end of the following May, were wisely and profitably spent by Lord Nugent in a tour in Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria; of which these two pleasant volumes are the fruit. From personal consideration of rank, and previous position in that quarter of the globe, his lordship's observations differ in some measure from those of other travellers; but still there are no new views of such importance as to impose upon us the task of a detailed analysis. Imbued with classical tastes, and with the sound education of an English gentleman, Lord Nugent's opinions upon every subject which attracted his notice are well worthy of attention. He has put them forward, too, in so unassuming a manner as to add greatly to the satisfaction with which we have perused his pages. But we have ourselves pored, and caused our readers to pore, so much within the last dozen years upon revelations from Greece, Egypt, the Holy Land, and Syria, that we have not the conscience to go over the ground again, even in the intelligent and social company of Lord Nugent. We can, however, truly and fairly say to those less conversant with the very interesting lands he has visited, and subjects he has discussed, that they can hardly spend a more useful and agreeable hour than in reading his book.

The Hand-book of Useful and Ornamental Amusements and Accomplishments. By a Lady. Pp. 315. London, Smith, Elder, and Co.

INSTRUCTIONS in fancy work of every description. We do not mean poetry or novel-writing; but artificial-flower making, drawing, modelling, carving, embroidering, knitting, netting, &c. &c.; and we are assured by a competent lady-judge, it is a very useful and agreeable volume.

The Parliaments of England from 1st George I. to the present time. By H. S. Smith. Vol. II. Pp. 208. Oxfordshire to Wales inclusive. London, Simpkin and Marshall.

THE conclusion of a useful parliamentary record, from a prefatory notice to which we are surprised to see that several parties from whom necessary information was sought had not even condescended to acknowledge the compiler's courteous request. Surely a little trouble might have been taken in order to contribute to the completeness of a public work! As it is, with a few blanks thus caused, Mr. S. has performed his task reputably, though some trifling errors occur, such as at p. 205, calling Sir Fletcher Norton *baronet* in 1770, and *knight* in 1774.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

NEW METHOD OF TANNING.

We have been favoured by Dr. Turnbull with his specification of a patent recently taken out by him for a new method of more speedily and effectually tanning hides and skins, and of extracting and separating the catechuic acid from the tannic acid in the catechu, or terra japonica, used in tanning. As the process involves facts of scientific interest as well as promises of manufacturing and social advantages, we have much pleasure in noticing the subject. The process of tanning consists in the combination of the gelatinous substance of which the skin is principally composed and tannic acid or tannin. The slowness of the process, and the imperfect manner in which it has hitherto been accomplished, arise from the difficulty in bringing the tannin or tannic acid into contact with the gelatinous tissue or fibre of the skin. The causes of this difficulty are several, but the principal are, the presence of lime, from steeping to remove the hair and epidermis; the extraction of catechuic acid from terra japonica; and the generation of gallic acid from the oak-bark. To prevent these causes operating, is the object of the Dr.'s improvements. He has devised the withdrawal of the lime from the impregnated hide; but we pass on to the avoidance altogether of the use of this material. He removes the hair from hides and skins: "first, by steeping them in a solution of sugar or other saccharine matter, whether obtained from honey, potatoes, beet-root, wood, or any other substances. Secondly, by steeping the hides and skins in a solution of muriate of soda. By the first method, the sugar or saccharine matter, which contains no nitrogen, is brought into contact side by side with the hides or skins, and an instantaneous, rapid, and regular action is thereby created and continued between the sugar and the hides or skins, which causes the gelatine or true skin to swell and expand, and without acting upon or causing any injury to the gelatinous fibre of the hides or skins; loosens the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair a matter easily effected. By the second method, the mixture of muriate of soda and water contracts the epidermis without acting upon the gelatine, and thus loosens and separates it from the true skin, by which means the hair is easily removed without injuring the gelatinous matter which forms the basis of the leather. The effect in both operations is the same; for as the saccharine matter, by force of its operation upon the nitrogenous substance in the skin, causes the gelatine or true skin to expand, and thus loosens the epidermis, while at the same time the fibre is preserved from putrefaction; so the solution of muriate of soda, whilst it contracts or destroys the epidermis and renders the removal of the hair easy, also tends greatly to preserve the fibre of the hide or skin from putrefaction. * * When the hair is removed by either of the means above mentioned, or when the lime has been extracted by the process before alluded to, the skins and hides will be found to be in a state to receive and imbibe the tannic acid much more rapidly and effectually than by any other means. Having thus removed one of the obstructions to tanning, the Dr. proposes to get rid of the other difficulties, by separating the japonic or catechuic acid, and other deleterious matter to be found in terra japonica, from the tannic acid, and also to prevent the formation or generation of gallic and ellagic acids, when oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials are used. The first is ac-

complished by grinding catechues into fine powder, and then mixing the powder with either warm or cold water, in the proportion of two pounds of terra japonica to one gallon of water, until it is thoroughly dissolved, and when cold, pouring the liquid into a large cylinder or tank made of any material not injuriously acted upon by acids, with a bottom made of fine wire-gauze, calico, linen, or other porous material. By this means the catechuic acid, extractive, and other deleterious matter to be found in the catechues, are retained by reason of their being insoluble in cold water, and a pure tanning liquid, freed from these injurious ingredients, is obtained. The purified liquor thus obtained from terra japonica will be found much more effectual in preserving sails of vessels, and linen cloth exposed to the weather, than the terra japonica as now used. To prevent the formation of gallic and ellagic acids, which are generated in the tanning liquor when it is composed of oak-bark, divi divi, valonia, and other tanning materials, by the operation of the atmospheric air, it is proposed to grind the materials into fine powder, and to exclude the atmospheric air from operating upon it during the time the process of tanning is going on. The hides or skins being thus prepared, and being well washed and cleansed, they are to be tanned by two different modes. First, by the application of a new physical force, different from ordinary capillary attraction or hydrostatic pressure: and, secondly, in pits or tanks so constructed, by communicating with each other, as to keep up a general and constant agitation and circulation of the tanning liquid until the hides or skins are tanned."

These two modes are described at length; but we can only state here that the "physical force" applied is the law of currents known as endosmosis and exosmosis. The advantages to be derived from Dr. Turnbull's improvements are stated to be,—1st, A great additional weight of leather, especially in calf-skins. 2d, Leather of a much better quality, soft, and not liable to crack or stain. 3d, A considerable diminution in the expense. And, 4th, The tanning is effected in one quarter of the time consumed in the present mode of tanning."

SOCIETY OF ARTS.

April 23d.—Mr. W. H. Bodkin, V. P. in the chair. Mr. C. Varley described a portable electrical machine, invented by his son, which consists of a glass tube, 20½ inches in length, fixed in a wooden handle, and of a second glass tube to hold a charge (as a Leyden jar), having an inner coating of tin-foil; a slip of tin-foil connects the inner coating of the smaller tube with a brass ring fixed at its lower end, which ring is used for the purpose of discharging the jar; a brass tube serves for the external coating, to which is attached a box containing the rubber; the inner coating of the tube is insulated from the outer by the unlined part of the glass on the inside, and by the uncoated portion on the outside. The long tube is passed through the rubber, and the shorter tube, which, being moved backward and forward through the cushion, causes the outer tube to become charged.

Mr. W. J. Hay's improved fighting lantern, as used in H.M. navy, was next brought forward. It is intended to supersede the ordinary horn lantern, lighted by a "purser's dip," which affords but little light; and in cases of night-engagements, when required to be darkened, is placed in a bucket, which is found to be much in the way of the men working the guns. Mr. Hay's lantern is constructed of copper, and is furnished with a wax candle, which will burn

for about six hours, being pressed up by a spring similar to those used in carriage-lamps. Air is supplied by means of small perforations on the top and bottom of the lanterns, which preclude the possibility of the concussion of the gun forming a vortex, as in ordinary cases, and thereby extinguishing the light. A slide of telescopic construction is used for darkening the lantern when required.

Mr. W. V. Pickett read a paper, on constructing houses entirely of metal. The author proposes to construct the walls of cast-iron plates, leaving a space between such plates, and connecting them together by bolts and rivets, the ends of which project both within and without; the walls are to be ornamented with metallic scrolls, &c. In order to protect the metals from corrosion, a coating of carbonate of pyrites is to be applied; or the metals coated with zinc, &c. by the electro-process. Among the advantages to be derived from Mr. Pickett's plan of metallic building may be mentioned, durability, safety from fire, the absence of damp walls, the comparatively short time in which buildings may be erected, and the possibility of constructing buildings to a very great extent for exportation. The subject was illustrated by some beautifully finished models.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

ROYAL SOCIETY OF LITERATURE.

ON Thursday, the annual meeting for the election of the president and other officers of this Royal Society took place, at its house in St. Martin's Place, the Earl of Clare (one of the vice-presidents) in the chair. The secretary, the Rev. Mr. Cattermole, read the minutes of the last meeting, which were confirmed; and the report of the council, which was approved of. It briefly reviewed the proceedings of the past year, named the members who had been lost during its term, enumerated the donors of books and other presents, specified the papers which had been read, noticed the expected publication of the society's second volume of Biographia by Mr. Wright, before the end of the season; announced the retirement of the Earl of Ripon from the presidency (which his Lordship had held with so much advantage to the institution for eleven years), and the election of Mr. Hallam, the historian, as his successor, with the understanding that the office was to be held for two years.

Mr. W. R. Hamilton (hitherto one of the council and foreign secretary, but now a vice-president) then read an address, prepared by Mr. Cattermole and himself, in which the literary history and productions of the members who had died since the last anniversary were described with great simplicity and good feeling. Sir Gore Ouseley, Granville Penn, and others, were characterised with liberal but just discrimination, and the nature of their works described in the same spirit of suavity and truth. Towards the conclusion, and more in the way of general literature, a tribute of respect was paid to a class of writings which has recently improved our historical data, such as the Wellesley Despatches, the Wellington Papers, Lord Malmesbury's Correspondence, Lord Eldon's Memoirs, Sir Robert Adair's Constantinopolitan Embassy,* &c. &c.; and from these a transition was made to Thiers' paltry History of the Consulate and Empire, which was castigated as it deserves, as a worthless contribution to the sterling facts or philosophical greatness of ("teaching") history.

* Which we have not seen: If published. Query about this.—Ed. L. G.

The official elections for the ensuing year were then voted by ballot, when the following list was unanimously approved:—

President:—H. Hallam, Esq. (in the room of Lord Ripon, president since 1834.)

Vice-Presidents:—The Dukes of Rutland and Newcastle; the Earls of Clare and Ripon; Lords Bexley and Colborne; W. R. Hamilton, Esq. (from the council); W. M. Leake and L. Hayes Pettit, Esqs.; the Rev. Dr. J. Hume Spry.

Council:—The Marquis of Northampton, P.R.S.; Lord Kenyon; the Ven. Archdeacon Burney; Thomas Bigge, Esq.; the Rev. H. Cattermole (Secretary); the Rev. H. Clissold, M.A.; Sir J. Dorant, M.D. (Librarian and Foreign Secretary); the Rev. T. Fuller, M.A.; John Hogg; H. Holland; W. Jerdan; W. Osburn; D. Pollock; C. A. Smith; W. Tooke (Treasurer); Dawson Turner, Esq.

Auditors:—Newell Connop, Esq.; B. B. Cabbell, Esq.

Clerk and Collector:—Mr. Nathaniel Hill.

The scrutineers having declared the foregoing, Lord Colborne pronounced a brief but warm and cordial panegyric on the services rendered to the society by its late president, the Earl of Ripon; and feelingly regretted that occasional ill-health, superadded to the fatigues of his lordship's official duties, had rendered it his wish to retire from the high honour, which he had considered it to be, of presiding over this institution. On the motion of his lordship, thanks were unanimously voted to Lord Ripon.

A vote of thanks was then given with like manifestations of respect to the Earl of Clare, for his presiding over the business of the day; in replying to which his lordship also took occasion to speak in terms of well-merited eulogy of the services rendered to the Society by Lord Ripon,—of his courtesy and zeal, wherever its affairs were concerned,—and of the pleasure it gave him to find that so eminent a person as Mr. Hallam, a man of the highest European literary fame, had been chosen to succeed; and, no doubt, to advance and distinguish the interests of the Royal Society of Literature.

SYRO-EGYPTIAN SOCIETY.

THE first anniversary meeting of this society was held on Wednesday the 23d inst. Dr. J. Lee in the chair. Dr. Yates read the report of the council on the labours of the society during its first session; and which was of a highly favourable character. Communications had been read from most of the distinguished travellers who have explored those countries with which the society concerns itself; many learned communications had also been received from the society's foreign correspondents, and questions of interest in connexion with the languages and antiquities of the East, had claimed and received the attention of the society as a body. The communications made to the society had not only been extremely numerous, but, for a young institution, were also of great merit, and most of the contributors to its transactions were persons of established repute. Dr. Yates also alluded to the efforts which were making by the society's correspondents to preserve those monuments which had been given by the Viceroy of Egypt to England, and stated that inquiries were also making as to the feasibility of the removal of certain of these to this country.

The report of the auditors was equally favourable, and a balance upon the year's receipts and expenditure was declared in favour of the society. The number of resident and non-re-

* In Italics, new, in the room of councillors who go out by rotation, &c.; and the others re-elected.

sident members now amounted to 100, exclusive of a large body of corresponding members. The adoption of the report was moved by Mr. Lloyd, and seconded by Mr. Calvert, and it was ordered to be printed upon the motion of Mr. Purland, seconded by the Rev. Mr. Badger. The Ven. Archdeacon Robinson was unanimously elected upon the council, which thus completed its legal number of twenty-one members. Votes of thanks were moved by Archdeacon Robinson to the chairman, Dr. Lee, and by Mr. Mussabini, which was very warmly seconded by all present, to Dr. Yates, who was requested to continue to act as honorary secretary. Similar votes were put and carried to the donors of books, maps, drawings, &c. to the society; also to the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, and that portion of the press which had recorded the society's proceedings; and a vote was moved and seconded from the body of the society, that thanks be given to the members of the council for their exertions.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK:—

Monday.—Geographical, 8½ P.M.; British Architects, 8 P.M.; Medical, 8 P.M.

Tuesday.—Syro-Egyptian, 7½ P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 8 P.M.; Geological, 8½ P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (soléc), 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Institution (anniversary meeting), 8½ P.M.; Horticultural (anniversary meeting), 1 P.M.; Zoological, 3 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.

Friday.—Royal Institution, 8½ P.M.; Botanical, 8 P.M.; British and Foreign Institute (discussion).

FINE ARTS.

NEW WATER-COLOUR SOCIETY.

As we last week mentioned, the present exhibition is of a character to give great satisfaction to the admirers of this peculiarly English school of art, and to reflect great credit upon the artists who have contributed to the gallery. There is a good choice and variety of subjects, though landscape as usual prevails; and many of them are treated with originality of invention and skillfulness in execution.

No. 27, "The Judgment of Midas," by John Absolon, is a dramatic representation of that model of justices or police-magistrates; with laudable comic expression and very fair grouping, it may be taken as a sample of the artist's entertaining familiar style; which is fully borne out by his "Angler," "Scenes from Byron and Scott," "Cinderella," and other clever compositions. 227, from Walton's *Angler*, is Waltonish, but Maudlin's limbs are ill disposed.

No. 48. Of a more fashionable class, but dependant also in some measure on the careful painting of costume,—the silks and satins à la Terburg,—is this "very particular confidence," a pleasing specimen of the talents of Miss Fanny Corboux. Her sister Miss Louisa, in Nos. 70 and 179, "Prayer," is another graceful addition to the list of lady proficientes. And naming the sex brings us to the admirable fruit and flower pieces of Mrs. Margetts.

Nos. 58, "Flowers;" 77, "Grapes;" 86, "Still Life;" 173, 273, both "Japonicas;" 203, "Roses,"—cannot be surpassed for beauty, nature, and colour. The grapes may be tasted, the flowers smelled, and the still life is elegantly and exquisitely touched. They are all little gems of art.

No. 45, "The Crusader's first sight of Jerusalem." H. Warren.—A picture of high merit in conception, and noble in execution. The red-cross knight in the centre is the key to the whole; and his enthusiastic devotion is felt to pervade every other being around him, from the proud warrior to the expiring man

borne on a bier but to see the holy city and die. The intensity of every soul, though marked by various degrees, is strikingly impressive; and in some instances the gorgeousness of the colouring is worthy of the oils of Giorgione. The kneeling ecclesiastic is the most obvious in this respect, and we could have wished that the splendours of his robe had not been surmounted by a head which belongs to the grotesque.

No. 18, "The Miller's Maid;" "103, "Gipsy;" 122, "Kenilworth;" 142, "Christ and the woman of Samaria," and others from the same prolific hand, also deserve our praise, though we must except the Christ in the last, and indeed the female figure also, though not so objectionable to our taste.

No. 61, "The Prisoner of Gisors." E. H. Wehnert.—A palpable hit, and assuredly one of the finest things in the exhibition. The wretched prisoner is forming his rude sculpture on the walls of his gloomy cell; his soul absorbed in the occupation, and such a tone of misery over the whole, that it seems as if the very stones, so carved, felt for their living companion. It will be long before the effect of this touching picture is forgotten by the lover of art.

No. 77 is also a pretty favourable fancy by the same. No. 100, from the "Taming of the Shrew," is rather clumsy in form; but the countenances tell the story aptly.

No. 66, "Light." J. J. Jenkins.—The draping of the figure is heavy lightness, but the distance is sweetly painted; and in 76, "Dejection," and several French scenes, Mr. Jenkins has displayed both characteristic ability and feeling. His best works, however, are 121, "The Vaunt," from Shakspeare's *Lover's Complaint*, where he has the same female model as in "Light," but the face in better position, and where the attitude and contour of both the figures are excellent; and in 232, "Sunny Moment," a charming little group, with poor Tray and all, under the influence of the warm god of day.

No. 72, "View from the Drachenfels." J. Fahey.—A clear silvery landscape; from which others, by the same hand and in the same manner, may be estimated. See 106, "Near Exmouth;" 147, 156, 188, and 205, a sweet "View of Windsor," &c.

No. 81, "Ferdinand visiting Rubens at Antwerp." Louis Haghe.—So dazzling and brilliant in colour, that we could not pass it over even in our first brief notice. The only fault we could offer to find is in the head and countenance of the lady, which we do hope Mr. Haghe will retouch, and make his picture perfect. The dress of Ferdinand is the *ne plus ultra* of this branch of art.

No. 90, "The Mill-stream." F. W. Topham.—Mr. Topham is very prominent this year, and has taken a forward step in his profession. The "Mill-stream" is a charming piece of nature. 25, "The Cabin-door," a pleasing little affair; 41, "The Gipsy Tent," a good study; and, to pass over others, No. 191, "Pilgrims to the Holy Well," one of the most meritorious compositions in the room. The pilgrims are, in a lowly state, what Haghe's "Crusaders" are in a more poetical flight. There is the history of obscure devotion; and well has the artist told it, both in respect to their personal appearance, and to the scenery amid which they are engaged.

No. 112, "Saxon Youths exposed to sale at Rome" (from History of England). H. P. Riviere.—A fresco-like treatment of the well-known and frequently painted subject. Well

balanced in composition, and with much of good drawing, tenderness, and beauty among the Saxon "angels."

No. 116. "In Cloisters, Windsor Castle." G. Howse.—We may compliment Mr. Howse, as we have complimented Mr. Topham, upon his appearance this season. Above twenty landscapes, river-scenes, streets, old gates, quays, &c., bear ample witness to the diversity of his talent, and its assiduous cultivation. 195. "At Caub on the Rhine," is perhaps the most distinguished of his productions.

No. 146. "Maude Castle, Aberdeenshire." Aaron Penley.—A grand mountain landscape, with a glorious saffron-coloured atmosphere, filling the heavens over their tops, and to the earth down their sides. Among others, such as 80, "Black Lake;" 129, "Loch-in-gair;" 202, "Stonehenge;" and 243, "Malvern," Mr. Penley has farther demonstrated his great power with atmospheric effects, at different seasons of the year and day. They are fine poetic works.

No. 151. "Rouen Cathedral," &c. R. K. Penson.—Another numerous contributor, and one of the chief ornaments of the gallery. This is a very fine view of interesting architecture; and the artist has laid other picturesque continental towns, as well as some inviting scenes nearer home, under contribution to his accurate and pleasing pencil.

No. 194. "Shrimpers," E. Duncan.—Nothing sweeter in the exhibition. 212, "Sheep-washing," is more ambitious, and altogether a fine rural scene, painted with truth and effect. The subject is not an easy one, but the formality on the animal side is ably relieved by the washers in the transparent water, and the wood on the other side; 45, "A Gale," by the same, reminds us of Stanfield; there is no higher applause; and 251, "Winter," is a piece of equal merit.

No. 216. "Pauline," F. Rochard.—Exceedingly pretty, and an example of the Watteau-like execution of this most agreeable and piquant artist, whose peculiar talent is farther displayed in 44, "A little warm," 283, 313.

No. 244. From the "Wandering Jew, Eugene Sue." Edward Corbould.—A spirited and striking representation of the veteran soldier taking charge of the orphan sisters. The bronzed face and marshal bearing of the old Buonapartist is excellently portrayed, as he leads his horse exultingly along the road. The sisters mounted thereon are not so well done. They lack expression, and are namby-pambyish. But the whole picture is very attractive, and does honour to the artist.

No. 257. "John Knox exhorting Queen Mary." W. H. Kearney.—A clever composition, but not out of the common way, and therefore rather imitative than original.

Artists' General Benevolent Fund.—The anniversary on Saturday went off most satisfactorily, though the attendance was not quite so numerous as we have seen it on former occasions. Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Jones Lloyd, Mr. Thomas Baring, Mr. Baring Wall, Mr. Etty, and Mr. Andrew Robertson (the latter in a most impressive manner), addressed the company; and the produce was announced by the valuable secretary, Mr. Cockerell, to amount to 4737.—a very handsome addition to the fund, out of which many an act of true benevolence may be done. The grateful period of peace, and the efforts now making under the auspices of government to give a new impulse to our national school, were particularly dwelt upon; and the venerable artist whose name we have re-

corded, spoke of them with great enthusiasm, and invoked his hearers to take advantage of the tide. "Young men," he exclaimed, "the Commissioners of Fine Arts are doing their parts, do you do yours!"

The London Art-Union, under the auspices of H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge, distributed its prizes at Drury Lane Theatre on Tuesday. Mr. George Godwin read the report, which shewed the rapid and great prosperity of the institution, the subscription to which this year had reached no less a sum than 15,400*l*. On the precious engraving from Stanfield's Castle of Ischia we have spoken before, and heartily congratulate the subscribers upon it: it will be delivered in May. They need hardly covet a higher prize.

Mr. Knott's Pictures, on sale to-day at Mr. Christie's, have afforded the friends and patrons of British art a high gratification on the days of view, when they have been visited and admired by hundreds. They comprise about sixty paintings by our own contemporaries, and have, we should think, all been exhibited. But it is when seen together in this manner,—choice, and not over-crowded,—that they shew us how much has been accomplished, as it were, under our own eyes, and how deservedly successful and eminent we ought to consider our living native school to be in the world of art. Here we observe some small bright crisp landscapes by Callow; "Robbers in a Cave," with all the force and spirit of Cattemole; "Scarborough" we remember as one of the foremost of Copley Fielding; a curious likeness of Walter Scott in his grey years, by Knight, R.A.; charming sketches, and some of his greatest oils, by Lee; Etty, "Fruit," and "Still Life," of magnificent colour, and the "Bather," than which he never produced anything more captivating; Horsley's pretty picture of "Winning Gloves;" "Frankfort," by G. Jones; the touching family group of "Going to Service," by Redgrave; the "Teas," by Creswick; "Uncle Toby" and "Yorick," and delightful "Vicar of Wakefield," by Leslie; the "Frown," and the "Joke," admirable school-boy scenes, by Webster, and the "Impenitent," a sturdy sulk, equal to Mulready; of Collins there are several, in his earliest and most captivating manner; David Roberts's "Street in Cairo" is only inferior to his glorious "Baalbec," and delicious "Roslin;" Uwins has a charming "Neapolitan Girl;" Callcott, "Cologne," one of his finest productions; Stanfield's "Ischia," and other incomparable seapieces; Cooper's "Fight at Cropredy Bridge;" Chalon's "John Knox," and Mulready's "Widow"! It was indeed a pleasure to see these; and their prices will, we doubt not, justify our hearty praise.

Panorama of Nankin.—Mr. Burford has almost excelled himself in interest of subject and the execution of this panorama. We had the pleasure of examining it in company with several officers who served at the surrender of Nankin, and they all agreed in the fidelity of the representation. Perhaps the mountains beyond the city are not far enough in perspective; but all around is a truthful picture of China, its watery ways and paddy-fields, its woods, and atmosphere, and sky. A group of the English ambassador, Sir H. Pottinger, accompanied by the brave Lord Saltoun and other officers, and the Chinese mandarins, Tartar general, and other authorities, gives great animation to the opposite side of the canvass. In short, the idea of the place and the circumstances is perfect.

THE DRAMA.

Her Majesty's Theatre, April 22.—A very fashionable company assembled to hear Mad. Castellan again in the *Sonnambula*. This opera, so very often performed, continues nevertheless a great favourite; it contains all the elements of a good operatic composition as well as of popularity. The music is remarkable even amongst Bellini's works for the rich vein of melody running through it; the *arias* are all beautiful, and the choruses are in very pleasing movements. But our object now is to notice Castellan's performance: her voice is certainly a very bountiful gift, its compass is unusually great, and in power it is rather beyond the average. In the opening passages of the opera, her singing was hardly in tune—but the charming little *duo*, "Prendi l'anel," was very well sung with Mario. In the last scene of the last act, her singing was particularly fine—the prayer was sung in a most chaste and perfect manner; and when she awakes with the loud and startling sounds of the chorus, we were captivated with her acting, and the joyous way in which she sang the delightful "Ah, non giunge"—indeed, her performance of this elegant canzonet was very excellent; it was vociferously encored, and in the second singing she added a good deal of embellishment, to exhibit the compass and powers of her voice; this was not prudent, although it shewed much originality and extensive capabilities. With study and more attention to the art of expression by the voice, Mad. Castellan will certainly become a first-rate vocalist.

Haymarket.—On Wednesday, in honour of the anniversary of the birth of Shakspeare, a *tableau vivant* of all the leading characters in his plays followed the *Golden Fleece*. The attitudes and grouping were exceedingly good and very effective. It is invidious to select, but we must instance the *Lear* and *Cordelia* of Mr. Stuart and Mrs. E. Yarnold. A general encore, unexpected, for the positions were scarcely retaken when the curtain rose, bespoke the gratification of the audience.

Lyceum.—On Tuesday, another novelty was produced here by the ever-active management. It is by Mr. T. Morton, and entitled *The Drunkard's Glass*; being a move in favour of temperance and the Temperance Society. Three bricklayers, Meadows, Emery, and Diddiear, are the exponents of this moral. The latter, like all renegades, is anxious to plunge his fellows into the same pit with himself, and succeeds in making the other two very drunk. Their different characters are ludicrously brought out under these circumstances; and the humorous acting of Meadows in a queer caricature part, and also the talent of Emery similarly exerted in another variety of the absurd, create continual laughter, and carry the farce to a successful issue.

VARIETIES.

Thomas Phillips, Esq., R.A., F.R.S.—This highly distinguished artist and most estimable man, after a long illness, died at his residence in George Street, Hanover Square, on Sunday last. He was in his seventy-fifth year. His contributions in portraiture to the R.A., for a length of time, classed him among the foremost in his art, and the likeness of many of the most distinguished men of his age will be transmitted to posterity from his pencil. He was the professor of painting; and a perfect gentleman in feelings and manners.

John Walker, Esq., M.A., died on the 25th of March, at Hchester, in the county of Somerset, only son of Dr. John Walker, senior fellow of

Douglas Jerrold's New Comedy.
(Uniform with *Jerrold's Shilling Magazine*, price 1s.)
TIME WORKS WONDERS!
A Comedy, in Five Acts.
By DOUGLAS JERROLD.
Performing at the Theatre Royal, Haymarket.
London: published at the PENWICK OFFICE, 92 Fleet Street.

Now ready, in 1 vol. 8vo, price 10s. 6d.
THE BOKHARA VICTIMS.
Dedicated to the Queen.
By Captain GROVER, F.R.S.
Chapman and Hall, 186 Strand.

Now ready, with Portrait, 8vo, 12s.
LIFE OF LORD HILL, Commander of the Forces. From his Journals and other Sources, supplied by his Family and Friends.
By Rev. EDWIN SIDNEY.
Author of the "Life of Rev. Rowland Hill."
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

In crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
LEAVES from a JOURNAL; and other Fragments in Verse.
By Lord ROBERTSON.
One of the Judges of the Court of Session in Scotland.
London: John Murray, Albemarle Street.
Edinburgh: Oliver and Boyd; and Fraser and Co.

Now ready, with Map, 8 vols. 8vo.
ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND, from 1839 to 1844. With some Account of the Beginning of the British Colonisation of the Island.
By EDWARD JERNINGHAM WAKEFIELD, Esq.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

MURRAY'S HOME AND COLONIAL LIBRARY.
In post 8vo.
THE FRENCH IN ALGIERS.
—The Soldier of the Foreign Legion—the Prisoners of Abd-el-Kader. From French Originals.
By Lady DUFF GORDON.
John Murray, Albemarle Street.

Small Books on Great Subjects.
In small 8vo, price 3s. 6d., No. VIII.
AN EXPOSITION OF VULGAR AND COMMON ERRORS adapted to the Year 1845.
W. Pickering, 177 Piccadilly.

The Sixth Edition, with 155 Figures, price 10s. 6d.
WITHERING'S SYSTEMATIC ARRANGEMENT OF BRITISH PLANTS. Corrected and condensed; preceded by Instructions adapted for Persons commencing the Study of Botany; and an Appendix containing the Arrangement of the Genera according to the Natural Method.
By Professor MACGILLIVRAY, LL.D.
Marischal College, Aberdeen.

This work comprises a description of the Flowering Plants and the Ferns of Great Britain and Ireland, so full as to enable the young botanist to determine every species that may come in his way, without the assistance of others.

2. MACGILLIVRAY'S MANUAL OF GEOLOGY. Second Edition: with Woodcuts and Coloured Geological Map of the British Islands. Price 4s. 6d.
London: Adam Scott, Chancery Square; and sold by Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

COLONIAL CHURCH HISTORY.
Now ready, in 8vo, price 14s. cloth.
THE HISTORY OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND IN THE COLONIES AND FOREIGN DEPENDENCIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE, Vol. 1.

By the Rev. JAMES S. M. ANDERSON, M.A.
Chaplain in Ordinary to the Queen and to the Queen Dowager; Perpetual Curate of St. George's, Brighton; and Preacher of Lincoln's Inn.

Dedicated by permission to
HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.
London:
FRANCIS AND JOHN RIVINGTON, St. Paul's Church Yard,
and ROBERT FOLIOUARD & Co., North Street, Brighton.

Greek and English School Lexicon.
In a large volume, 8vo, price 15s. cloth, the Sixth Edition of
SCHREVELIUS' GREEK AND ENGLISH LEXICON, with a copious English and Greek Lexicon.
Edited by the Rev. J. R. MAJOR, D.D.
Head Master of King's College School, London.

••• The translation of Schrevelius was the first Greek and English Lexicon adapted for Schools; and for appropriateness, size, and contents, it has still no competitor. Besides many additions when the translation was made under the superintendence of Mr. Voss; the subsequent editors have met the enlarged requirements of Classical Schools, by the introduction of a vast number of words from Pindar, the three Tragedians, Aristophanes, Herodotus, Xenophon, &c.
London: B. Baldwin; Whittaker and Co.; and Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.

VIEWS IN NEW ZEALAND.

In imperial folio, price 37, 3s.

A SERIES OF LARGE PANORAMIC VIEWS

OF THE

TOWNS AND MOST INTERESTING DISTRICTS OF NEW ZEALAND;
With beautifully-coloured Drawings of Plants, and Portraits of Native Chiefs in their characteristic Costumes, &c. &c.

The whole executed in the first style of Lithography from Original Paintings, and Drawings taken on the spot, and FORMING ILLUSTRATIONS TO MR. E. JERNINGHAM WAKEFIELD'S FORTHCOMING WORK, ENTITLED, "ADVENTURE IN NEW ZEALAND."

A few Copies beautifully Coloured after the original Drawings, price 47. 14s. 6d.

London: SMITH, ELDER, and Co., 65 Cornhill.

In 8vo, price 6s. 6d.
FIVE SERMONS on the TEMPTATION of CHRIST our LORD in the WILDERNESS; preached before the University of Cambridge, in Lent 1844. With Notes.
By W. H. MILL, D.D.
Late Fellow of Trinity College, Christian Advocate, and Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.
Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and Deighton, Cambridge.

Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
An Analysis of Bishop Pearson's Exposition of the Creed. 8vo, 5s.

In square 18mo, price 2s. 6d., the Second Edition of
THE DISTANT HILLS:
An Allegory.
By the Rev. WILLIAM ADAMS, M.A.
Fellow of Merton College, Oxford.
Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place.
Of whom may be had, by the same Author, uniformly printed,
The Shadow of the Cross.
Fourth Edition, 2s. 6d.
••• These Sacred Allegories may be had, bound in one volume, price 4s. 6d.

Mr. Evans's Parochial Sermons.
In small 8vo, price 6s.
PAROCHIAL SERMONS, preached in the Parish Church of Heversham, Westmoreland.
By the Rev. ROBERT WILSON EVANS, B.D., Vicar; Late Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge; and Author of "The Rectory of Calcehead."
Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place.
Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
The Bishopric of Souls. Third Edition, 6s.

In 8vo, price 9s. 6d., the Second Edition of
SERMONS, chiefly on the THEORY of RELIGIOUS BELIEF, preached before the University of Oxford.
By JOHN HENRY NEWMAN, B.D.
Fellow of Oriel College.
Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place; and Parker, Oxford.
Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
Parochial Sermons, 6 vols. 10s. 6d. each.

In small 8vo, price 6s. 6d.
SERMONS, preached at Winchester College.
By GEORGE MOBERLY, D.C.L.
Head-Master of Winchester College; and late Fellow and Tutor of Balliol College, Oxford.
Rivington, St. Paul's Churchyard, and Waterloo Place.

Strictures on the "Vestiges of Creation."
Second Edition, post 8vo, cloth, price 2s. 6d.
VESTIGES OF THE NATURAL HISTORY OF CREATION: its Argument Examined and Exposed.
By S. R. BOSANQUET, Esq.
London: John Hatchard and Son, 187 Piccadilly.

In Twenty-one Volumes, with Eighty Plates, price 5s. each, cloth.
VALPY'S ONLY COMPLETE and UNIFORM HISTORY OF ENGLAND.
By HUME, SMOLLETT, and HUGHES.
The Continuation by Rev. T. S. HUGHES, B.D., Prebendary of Peterborough.
Also, in Seven Vols. 8vo, price 10s. 6d. each,
THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND from the Reign of George the Second to the present Time.
London: A. Valpy, M.A.; and H. Wils.

In fcp. 8vo, price 3s. 6d.
THE PARISH RESCUED; or, LAYMEN'S DUTIES, RIGHTS, and DANGERS.
By the Rev. W. F. WILKINSON, M.A.
Theological Tutor of Cheltenham College. Author of "The Rector in Search of a Cure."
London: J. Hatchard and Son, 187 Piccadilly.
Of whom may be had, by the same Author,
THE RECTOR IN SEARCH of a CURATE.

CONTENTS:
1. The Parish. — 2. The Curate. — 3. The Temporary Curate. — 4. The Evangelist. — 5. 6. The Evangelicals. — 7. The Unfortunate Man. — 8. The Scholar. — 9. The Millenarian. — 10. The Anglo-Catholic. — 11. The Approved. — 12. The Ordination.
1 vol. post 8vo, price 9s. cloth.
"A lively and entertaining book."—*Christian Observer*.
"A work calculated to obtain a general reception in all the reading circles."—*Herald*.
"Interesting and attractive."—*Spectator*.

Now reduced to 11. 10s. (published at 51. 5s., and the only edition) in 2 vols. royal 4to, with Eleven fine Portraits, new in boards,
HORACE WALPOLE'S (Earl of Orford) MEMOIRS OF THE LAST TEN YEARS OF THE REIGN OF GEORGE II.

Edited, with Notes, by the late LORD HOLLAND.
"The most valuable addition made to English memoirs, since the publication of 'Burnet' and 'Clarendon'; and we know of no work in our language that contains such minute and circumstantial details from an eye-witness of so many persons remarkable in our history."—*Edinburgh Review*.
The recently published collection by Sir Denis Le Marchant is a continuation of the above work.
Sold by James Newman, Bookseller, 235 High Holborn.

FISHER'S INSTRUCTOR;
Or: YOUNG MAN'S BEST COMPANION. Modernised and improved by the Rev. G. N. WRIGHT, A.M.
A NEW EDITION of the above useful Work, exhibiting the exact mode of acquiring Reading, Writing, Arithmetic, Book-keeping, and Merchants' Accounts; examples of Letters and other forms useful in business; art of measuring Artificers' work; an explanation of the Mechanical Powers as applied to Steam-Engines and Vessels, Railways, &c. Practical Gauging; and a compendium of useful knowledge in Commercial transactions, the Arts and Sciences, &c. &c.—Price 5s. 6d. bound.
London: Tegg and Co., Cheap-side; Dean and Co., Threadneedle Street; and every other Bookseller in the Kingdom.

In 1 vol. 8vo, with nearly 200 Engravings, price 2s. 1. large paper, 5s.
A HISTORY OF BRITISH FOREST TREES.
By PRIDEAUX JOHN SELBY, of Twizel, Esq.
"Scott makes the shrewd old laird of Dumbledikes give counsel to his son to look keenly after the profits to be derived from timber. 'Plant trees,' said the old man, on his death-bed; 'they are yet growing while you are sleeping.' Mr. Selby adds some very necessary cautions to this advice. Collecting the experience of some hundreds of years, he gives the most judicious rules for the formation of plantations; for cutting, training, and all other operations necessary for rearing a noble forest with the greatest economy of time and space. The profit derived from the growth of timber is sometimes enormous."—*Britannia*.
John Van Voorst, 1 Paternoster Row.

Post 8vo, with Map of United States, Oregon, Texas, &c., 9s. cloth.
A AMERICAN FACTS.
By G. P. PUTNAM.
"To conclude, there is a vast deal that is both useful and interesting within the limits of this unassuming duodecimo. . . . The author considers the subject in a very good temper, sets out upon a sound footing, and sustains himself in such a manner, that he can only be controverted by overthrowing his facts."—*Morning Chronicle*.
"Clear in its arrangement, compendious in its statements, and strictly authoritative in regard to its facts. . . . It will tend to disabuse the minds of many in regard to the real state of America, and the character of the people of the United States."—*Atlas*.
"We never derived so large an amount of information from so small a book before."—*Brighton Guardian*.
"A clever, a useful, and, above all, a reasonable book. . . . Most readable and amusing, apart from its value as a book of reference."—*Edinburgh Scotsman*.
London: Wiley and Putnam, 6 Waterloo Place; and all Booksellers and Libraries.

The Foreign Library.

Russia. By J. G. Kohl.

Comprising St. Petersburg—Moscow—Kharkoff—Riga—Odessa—The German Provinces on the Baltic—The Steppes—The Crimea—and the Interior of the Country. With a Map, price 11s. cloth.

Austria. By J. G. Kohl.

Comprising Vienna—Prague—Hungary—Bohemia—The Danube—Galicia—Slovakia—Bukovina, and the Military Frontier. Price 11s. cloth.

"Mr. Kohl's volumes upon Russia and Austria deserve the rank which has, by universal consent, been awarded to them. They are the very best books about the two countries which have yet appeared, containing a greater quantity of solid information, digested into the pleasantest possible form, than all the tours and journals extant."—*Fraser's Magazine*.

Ireland, Scotland, and England.

By J. G. KOHL. Price 11s. cloth.

"Mr. Kohl's work on Ireland is beyond all comparison the most succinct and faithful that we have yet seen, and exhibits the lamentable condition of that country in a light in which none but a foreigner, or at least a sagacious traveller, could paint it. His testimony is doubly valuable from the weight of experience and authority which his name carries with it."—*Times*.

Life in Mexico.

By MADAME CALDERON DELA BARCA. Price 11s. cloth.

"Madame Calderon's book has all the natural liveliness and tact, and readiness of remark, which are sure to distinguish the first production of a clever woman. . . . A more genuine book, in air as well as in reality, it would be difficult to find."—*Edinburgh Review*.

Celebrated Crimes.

By ALEXANDER DUMAS. Containing: The Borgias—The Countess of Saint Geran—Joan of Naples—Ninida—The Marchioness of Brinvilliers—The Cenci—The Marchioness de Ganges—Karl Ludwig Sand—Vaninika—Urban Grandier. Price 10s. cloth.

"Dumas' book is very striking. The tragedy of truth—the serious side of what is called the romance of real life—had never such startling illustration as this remarkable book affords."—*Examiner*.

History of the Eighteenth Century—Literary and Political;

With particular reference to Mental Cultivation and Progress, till the Year 1788. By F. C. SCHLOSSER. In Five Volumes. Price 2l. 15s.

History of Ten Years: 1830-1840.

FRANCE DURING THE THREE DAYS, AND UNDER LOUIS-PHILIPPE. By LOUIS BLANC. In Two Volumes. Price 26s. cloth.

"This is a remarkable work. The ten years, 1830-1840, were troubled, stirring, and important times to every European nation—to none so much as France. . . . It is a narrative of events real, striking, absorbing—the subjects of immense interest to all readers—the style unusually excellent."—*Foreign Quarterly Review*.

Tales from the German.

Comprising Specimens from the most Celebrated Authors. By J. OXENFORD and C. A. FELLING. Price 11s. cloth.

"Mr. Oxenford is one of the best German scholars we have. Mr. Felling, with whom he has before been associated in foreign literature, is a German, known for his proficiency in the studies of his native language. The combination was the most fitting conceivable for a work of this kind. Selection and translation are alike characteristic and spirited."—*Examiner*.

History of Germany.

From the Earliest Period to the Present Time. By F. KOHLRAUSCH. Price 14s. cloth.

Part XXIII., price 6s.

Michelet's History of France.

Translated by WALTER K. KELLY. Part the First (to be completed in Four Parts, forming Two Volumes).

Part the Second, completing the First Volume, will be published in a few days.

In the Press.

F. Von Raumer's Letters on America.

The Autobiography of Hienrich Zschokke.

CHAPMAN and HALL, 136 STRAND.

MR. BENTLEY

WILL IMMEDIATELY PUBLISH

The following NEW WORKS.

I.
In 4 vols. 8vo, with Portraits,
THE FIRST COLLECTIVE EDITION OF
THE LETTERS OF THE EARL OF CHESTERFIELD.

Including numerous Letters, and several Political Characters, now first published from the Original MSS. Printed uniformly with Mr. Bentley's collective Edition of Horace Walpole's Letters.

Edited, with Illustrative Notes, by Lord MAHON.

II.
In 3 vols. post 8vo,
SATANSTOE;
Or, the Family of Little-Page.

By J. FENIMORE COOPER, Esq.
Author of "The Pilot," "The Deerslayer," &c.

III.
In 2 vols. 8vo, with Illustrations,
SCENES AND ADVENTURES IN SPAIN
During the Years 1835-1840.

IV.
In 3 vols. post 8vo,
THE FORTUNES OF ROGER DE FLOR;
or, the Almogavars. A Tale of the Lower Empire.

V.
In 2 vols. 8vo, with Portraits from Original Paintings,
MEMOIRS OF THE PRETENDERS and
their ADHERENTS.
By J. HENEAGE JESSE, Esq., Author of "Memoirs of the Court of England," "George Selwyn and his Contemporaries," &c.

ALSO, NOW READY.

I.
In 2 vols. 8vo, with numerous Portraits,
CHRONICLES OF FASHION,
From the Time of Elizabeth to the Early Part of the Nineteenth Century, in Manners, Amusements, Banquets, Costume, &c.
By Mrs. STONE.
Author of "The Art of Needlework," &c.

II.
In 2 vols. post 8vo,
THE IMPROVISATORE;
Or, Life in Italy. From the Danish.
By Mrs. HOWITT.
Editor of "The Neighbours," "The President's Daughters," &c.

III.
In 1 vol. 8vo, with a Portrait,
THE LIFE AND TRAVELS OF THOMAS
SIMPSON, the ARCTIC DISCOVERER.
By his Brother, ALEXANDER SIMPSON, Esq.
Member of the "Institut d'Afrique."

IV.
In 3 vols. post 8vo,
ANNE HATHAWAY; or, Shakspeare in
Love. A Romance.

V.
In 4 vols. 8vo, with Portraits,
DIARIES AND CORRESPONDENCE OF
JAMES HARRIS, FIRST EARL OF MALMESBURY.
Edited by his GRANDSON, the THIRD EARL.
* * The first two or the last two volumes may be had separately, in complete sets.

VI.
In 2 vols. post 8vo, with Illustrations,
THE REV. FRANCIS TRENCH'S DIARY
of a JOURNEY IN FRANCE AND SPAIN;
Chiefly in the Year 1844.

VII.
In 3 vols. post 8vo,
THE PRIME MINISTER.
An Historical Romance.
By W. H. G. KINGSTON, Esq.
Author of "The Circassian Chief," &c.

VIII.
New Edition, in 2 vols. post 8vo, with a Portrait of the Author,
SOCIAL LIFE IN ENGLAND AND FRANCE.
To which are now first added:—The Life of the Marquise du Deffand—The Life of Rachel, Lady Russell—Fashionable Friends, a Comedy, &c. By the Editor of "The Letters of Madame du Deffand."

RICHARD BENTLEY, NEW BURLINGTON STREET,
Publisher in Ordinary to Her Majesty.

MR. COLBURN'S NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Just ready, in 3 vols. post 8vo,
SIBYL; or, the TWO NATIONS.
By R. DISRAELI, Esq. M.P.
Author of "Coningsby."

The following are now ready.

II.
SELF. By the Author of "CECIL."
3 vols.
"Put gall in thy ink, though thou write with a goose quill!"—*Shakspeare*.

III.
ADVENTURES IN GEORGIA, CIRCASSIA, and RUSSIA. By Lieut.-Col. G. FOLEY CARBON, C.B., K.T.S., &c. 2 vols. 21s. bound.

IV.
JONATHAN SHARP; or, the Adventures of a Kentuckian. Written by Himself. 3 vols. post 8vo.

V.
PENINSULAR SKETCHES, by ACTORS on the SCENE. Edited by W. H. WAXFORD, Esq. Author of "Stories of Waterloo," &c. 2 vols. 21s. bound.

VI.
THE CRESCENT and the CROSS. By ELIOT WARBURTON, Esq. Second Edition, in 2 vols. with numerous Illustrations, 21s. bound.

VII.
MAIDS OF HONOUR. A Tale of the Court of George I. 3 vols.

VIII.
THE HISTORY OF MARGARET CATCHPOLE, a SUFFOLK GIRL. New and Cheaper Edition, in 2 vols. with Illustrations, price only 15s. bound.
Henry Colburn, Publisher, 12 Great Marlborough Street.

On 1st May will appear, Part II.: Plain, 10s., Coloured, 20s., of
A SERIES OF NOVEL DESIGNS for
FURNITURE and DECORATION in the Style of Francis I., Louis XIV., Elizabeth, and Gothic.

By HENRY WOOD, of 24 Percy Street, who executes any Designs to order.
London: William Pickering, 177 Piccadilly.

In foolscap, cloth gilt, price 3s.
REFLECTIONS FOR LEISURE HOURS
on the Duties, Hopes, and Privileges of Life, &c.
By CAROLINE JANE YORKE.
London: John Hatchard and Son, 187 Piccadilly.

In two vols. post 8vo, cloth, price 15s.
CHILLON; or, Protestants of the Sixteenth Century. An Historical Tale.
By Miss JANE LOUISA WILLYAMS.

"We think highly of this pathetic story. A true spirit of cheerful piety pervades its pages; the characters are nicely discriminated, and many of the scenes are very vividly portrayed. All who read it may derive benefit from the perusal."—*Britishist*.
London: John Hatchard and Son, 187 Piccadilly.

Price 1s. cloth lettered,
THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE WATER-CURE; a Development of the true Principles of Health and Longevity.
By JOHN BALBIRNIE, M.A. M.D.
London: Simpkin, Marshall, and Co. Bath: Biana and Goodwin.

NEW WORKS NOW READY.

I.
In post 8vo, being Vol. XV. of Ripley's Specimens of Foreign Literature, 8s. cloth,
CORRESPONDENCE between
SCHILLER and GOETHE, from 1794 to 1805.
Translated by GEORGE H. CALVERT. Vol. I.

2.
In royal 8vo, 14s. cloth,
PHRENO-MNEMONOTECHNY; or, the Art of Memory. By F. F. GOURAUD, D.E.S. of the University of France.

3.
Barnes on Job.
Second Edition, in 2 vols. 12mo, with Illustrations, 12s. cloth,
NOTES on the BOOK OF JOB. By the Rev. A. BARNES.

4.
THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW,
No. CXXVII. (April), contains Articles on the Law of Nations—The Modern Jews—The American Colonies—A Theory of Creation, &c.

5.
In medium 8vo, 12s. cloth,
THE HISTORY OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS. Compiled from its standard records and other authentic sources. By W. R. WAGSTAFF, M.D.
Wiley and Putnam, 6 Waterloo Place.

